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SADNESS IN LITERATURE.

BY J. H. WARD.

THE spirit of sadness is inseparably connected with human life. It may be the fruit of afflictions, which hush the noise of passion and nourish tender sympathy; it may well up from the depths of reason, as it unfolds the character and teaches the true destiny of man; it may be the inward feeling of a lost happiness, and a vague longing for a holier state; or shading itself from light, may dwell in the brooding silence of the soul;—but in all its forms it seems wedded to what is changeless and enduring in character, twining itself about the heart, and strengthening the powers of the soul, as with bands of steel. Joy is only the “light on the cloud” of human life;

“There’s not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.”

Sarcasm is but the breaking forth of woe-begone bitterness at heart; and cheerfulness, with a just view of life must often sober its smiles with serious thought,—but sadness, whether it gently chastens feeling, or weighs heavily upon the heart, is our constant companion.

Its influence may be best seen in the character and works of those master minds, to whom we ever turn with affection and reverence. We trace it in the hopeless cries and sobbing faith which mark the confessions of Augustine, in the resolute will and tender sensitiveness of Luther, in the self-punishing humility of Pascal, in the gloomy independence of Cromwell, in the soul-stricken earnestness of Neander, in the puritanic allegory of

Bunyan, in the keen insight and profound religious spirit of Bacon. Its influence is still more clearly revealed in poetry, which, if it did not coin into winged words the inmost experience of the heart, and the deepest meditations of the soul, would lose its power over our feelings. David seldom breaks forth in songs of peaceful joy, but rather in wailings over sin, and longings for the “light of God’s countenance;” and there is a lofty, yet desolating mournfulness, in the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah. The Greek tragedy has a certain truthful utterance of grief, and delicate touch of sorrow, mingled with “the lone contemplations of destiny,” which give a pathetic and often tearful sadness to its characters. Lucretius shrouds his works in the intense gloom of a godless materialism. Horace, even in his lyric moods, while believing in the philosophy of Epicurus, can not cast off saddening thoughts. But in Dante, whose portrait shows his features furrowed with the lines of abiding sorrow, there is an almost crushing sadness, which belongs to no other poet, and which is the true interpreter of the Divine Comedy. Petrarch is ever striking the notes of a tender melancholy, as he gazes tearfully into the heavens for the image of Laura. Chaucer beautifully shades his pictures with the dark colors of his own spirit and Spencer lends a gentle, meditative grace to the “Fairy Queen.” In our early minstrelsy there is a graphic pathos, bringing out clearly the rage of passion and the depth of sorrow;

and the elder dramatists have the true touch of nature, as they picture the play of emotion in tragic colors. Nor was it possible for Shakspeare to fail of infusing the experience of his inner life,—his lonely sorrow, his humble faith, his silent questionings, his weary aspirations for “knowledge gained not here,”—into the countless character of his drama, and the changing emotions of his sonnets. And Milton has left abundant marks of bursting vehemence of sorrow hardly less than Dante’s, though without his sarcastic bitterness, and which may be seen as clearly in the pathetic allusions to himself, which relieve the grand sublimity of “Paradise Lost,” as in the personal griefs which find expression beneath the mask of “Samson Agonistes,” or in the twilight mellowness of “Il Penseroso.” Hence while the spirit of sadness thus assumes an infinite variety of form in the works of genius, and often from its jar with earthly interests becomes fearfully dark, we see that it is both natural to human life, and is the only true basis upon which a great soul can rise. What is greatness, but a sounding of the depths of the heart and conscious fellowship with truth? A man who has not known the “divine depths of sorrow” and learned thereby his true state, can not have that soul-abiding earnestness, that vital sympathy with mankind, and that sad hopefulness of thought, which endear the greatest minds.

Subject as we are to changes of feeling, we must also expect changes in the character of literature. We easily explain, therefore, the sinewy strength, keen analysis, and religious spirit of the literature of the Elizabethan age, as the result of that impulse which the Reformation gave to the English mind, and justly impute the shallowness and conceited refinement of the literature of the 18th century, to its material views and skeptical unbelief. Nor is it strange that the literature of the present century, should be entirely different. A spirit

of sadness, like the mists which envelop the valley and shut out the rays of the morning sun, has come over our literature and changed its character. Doubtless its intensity is due, in great measure, to a reaction from the coldness of the previous age; yet its source may, also, be found in the influences at work, in our time, and in order to observe their action from different points of view, we may ascribe them to the emotions, to speculative tendencies, and to deep spirituality.

I. The absence of an adventurous spirit, the stirring up of sympathy and quickening of thought, caused by the French Revolution, and the great material activity of the age, have given to literature a subjective character. It is manifest not less in the searching study of the inner life, than in the tendency to analyze and describe feeling. The habit of retrospection has made the sensibilities keener, and lent a “precious seeing” to the inward sight. Hence, both a deeper love of humanity has been leavening society, and the pathetic and tragic elements of our nature have received greater culture. Indeed, the tragic element has become so great, that the movement of the drama has lost its interest; dramatic writing is confined chiefly to the study of character; and the habit of looking into the darker recesses of the heart, has changed the aim of the novel, from the picturing of chivalrous and romantic scenes, to a delineation of the struggles, sorrows, and hopes of daily life. The novel is now the agent of reform, charged frequently with the advocacy of truth, and insuring success only by its keen dissection of the passions and its stronghold upon our sympathies. The deep interest in biography, the searching after the inmost truth of character, and the autobiographies and confessions which form such a large and popular part of literature, also, furnish evidence of the craving thirst for truths which relate to the very mysteries of being. The suggestiveness of modern writers, the touching of hid-

den chords of feeling, the quickening of those thoughts which refuse the dress of language, may be owing to the same cause. And poetry, which was once so healthy, unreflective, and through plenitude of life, hardly conscious of its power, now concerns itself mainly with the emotions of the soul,—thus giving, perhaps, the best picture of the tendencies of the age. Meditative poetry must ever wear a “robe of darkest gray,” if its solemn strains accord with “the still, sad music of humanity;” but, when, to a meditative spirit, we add the tendency to “anatomize the soul,” to penetrate and flood its mysteries with imaginative light, and to break the harmony of poetic emotion by striking notes from separate chords, when all should be struck together, we at once divine the source of “that melancholy, which so evidently characterizes the spirit of modern poetry.”* A mournful cadence, as if keeping time to “an undertone of woe” seems to be the very melody of our best poetry,—a melody which gushes out with tearful pathos, not only in dusky paintings of excited passion, and in the pastorals of quiet meditation, but even in the joyful songs of Moore, in Mrs. Heman’s fullness of tearful sensibility, and in Keats’ tributes to the spirit of classic and ideal beauty.

As the effect of this generous culture of the emotions, we must notice *morbid feeling* and *a love of solitude*. When the emotions are thus excited to unusual activity, morbid feelings are sure to follow. The torrent will not flow in regular channels, but rushes resistless over all bounds; and as men of genius, must feel with throbbing intensity the thoughts which they send forth, we can hardly imagine the burden which Goethe threw off by writing “Werter,” the sense of relief which the completion of the “Robbers” gave to Schiller’s heart, and the joy which came to Byron upon sending “Childe Harold” into the world. The spirit of these works

shot quick as lightning through the heart of the age, and the eager excitement thus aroused, has not yet been hushed. Following the same course, but happily in a milder mood, the genius of Dickens has quieted many a heart stricken with anguish; the earnest sarcasm of Thackeray has laid bare the vices of fashionable life; the spirit-stirring novels of the gifted, but lonely “Currer Bell,” have given sanctity to the heart of woman;—while Bulwer, reviving upon English soil a sickly German sentimentality, early became the exponent of blustering cockneyism, maudlin feeling, and affected wisdom,—traits which his later works have partially atoned for. In poetry, morbid feeling has, perhaps, reached its acme. Hence, in spite of the light which it sheds upon the inner life, much of it must perish with the spirit which createe it. The want of harmony among the poetic powers has become so great, that some elements of poetry have been cultivated to the exclusion of others; and while formerly the scenes of Nature excited quiet joy or tender melancholy, they now attract us as reflecting the hidden workings of the mind and heart. The flowers, the forest, the change of seasons, the twilight, the silent stars and the gloom of night,—all now awake some response in our own minds, and this is so strong a characteristic of Tennyson, that much of his poetry has been termed a kind of “dramatized landscap.”

And here is the origin of that phase of morbid feeling, which is seen in a *love of solitude*. When weighed down with the pressure of inward emotion, we naturally seek to hide ourselves from sight, and especially when we are the prey of morbid feeling, grief becomes too tender to desire sympathy; the sad unrest of the soul too agonizing for consolation; the silent thoughts too precious for another’s knowledge.

“But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies,
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.”

The spirit of poetry alone can inspire the hearts of the solitary to easy utterance. Bryant writes his solitary musings upon the leaves and flowers; and beside the babbling brook Percival tinges his finest lyrics with the shades of his emotions, and shows far more acquaintance with the scenes of nature than with the haunts of men; and the splendid apostrophes to natural scenery and its associations which throng "Childe Harold" could never have been written but by one who had felt all the tearful bliss of solitude.

II. Another and perhaps the chief cause of the spirit of sadness may be traced to the speculative tendencies of the age. A love of speculation seems to be a natural trait of northern nations; but the influence of the critical philosophy, the spirit of the Revolution of '89, and the new problems suggested by the progress of civilization, have brought it into special activity. Earnest feeling, bold inquiry, and the *want* of reverence as great as *confidence* in reason, have left few subjects untouched. In former times, the simple record of a fact was enough, and veneration gave it, in the lapse of years, a superstitious character; now the fact is worth little, unless we know its cause, and so wide has been the sweep of speculative inquiry that even history has either been undermined by the skeptic, or made into a tissue of conflicting theories.

One of the results of the French Revolution was the creation of a fresh interest in humanity, and speculation has, accordingly, been busy in devising philanthropic systems. Save the age of the Reformation, no time has been louder in advocating reform. Philanthropy has ever imagined a millennium near, while exulting over Utopian constitutions and "social contracts," which would endow man with perfect freedom. But there is always a tendency (except with the most cautious), to generalize too hastily, and while these reformers have made splendid theories, they have forgotten

that man, being the creature of passion, can hardly keep himself from breaking over laws which bear all the revisions of age; they have regarded society from *their own*, not from a *universal* stand-point; they have mistaken a deep consciousness of evil for their ability to cure it. Hence the "confusion worse confounded" which prevails in speculations upon society, "the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy," and the despair,

"That's terrible,
For one who is not God, and can not right
The wrong he looks on."

Any agitation of social questions will also affect the religious welfare. Nor will deep meditation stray far from this source. The feelings, too, pulsating with quick throbs of sympathy, will share largely in the emotions which religion prompts in the heart. The merest survey of the literature of the age, must include the big waves of speculative doubt, which surge and dash in the ocean of religious truth, and often break angrily upon the desolate shores of infidelity. This conflict is only the outward index of the unrest of the soul. The Kantian doctrine, which so exalts reason, as almost to clothe it with the attributes of Deity, and which appears in the spirit of self-reliance as opposed to reverence for authority, has given rise not only to a new zest for speculative inquiry, but to a skeptical way of thinking. It has done away with the faith and reverence which were wont to twine so gracefully about religious truth, and lend a superstitious awe to its teachings; and in their place, has introduced the age of doubt, and denial, and reverence for reason alone. The earnestness, which grew out of the rude bursts of passion and the freedom of thought incident to the French Revolution, has lent fresh vigor to speculations upon the problems of life and the mysteries of future existence; and the reason, casting aside revealed truth, has striven to construct from

the depths of self-consciousness a system of religious duty capable of satisfying the cravings of the soul. But, with such a boundless range of problems, as extended from the mystery which clouds the Infinite, which enfolds the soul upon leaving the body, which leads astray every searcher into the origin of evil, and which presses so hard upon the greatest minds, that they either bow before it with reverence, or turn away in despair, to the darkness in which the reason gropes, while attempting the solution of that great problem which contains in itself the solution of so many others,—What is truth?—with the feeling that they are not only of the greatest importance, but that a few years of effort must leave them solved or unsolved forever,—with the reason taxed with speculations upon subjects into which no intellect has yet shot a ray of light, and distracted by a wilderness of opinion,—with the light of revelation grown dim,—and with the wearying aspirations of the heart for some being superior to itself, in whom it may confide its sorrows, in such a state, it is no wonder that the noblest minds of the age, have been robbed of their peace, and darkened by a sadness deeper than grief, and caused by the restless agony of doubt. The struggles of the strongest have not brought satisfaction, and the efforts made to probe the disease, have only revealed its alarming extent. Speculation has taken such strong hold, that life with many has lost the very name of action, and the mind broods, Hamlet-like, over its own introverted self. It is also characteristic of a speculative mind, to push its inquiries in every direction; nor is such a mind free from the danger of enlisting in mad pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* of an ideal. Perhaps one of the great vices of the age, may be traced to that intense reaction from material activity which finds full scope only in visions of ideal attainment, which looks with eager hope to the future, but with sorrow upon the present, and which

has been aptly termed; “a purblind Argus,—all eyes and no sight.” Its influence upon religion is to arouse unhealthy skepticism, to substitute feverish anticipations of a time, when the conflicts of faith shall be transmuted into strong belief, for a clear-sight into the diseases of the soul, and to create unsatisfied spiritual agony, in place of inward harmony and child-like trust.

When such unrest is united with keen sensibility; and feeling, adding strength to reason, redoubles the intensity of bold inquiry, the conflict becomes so close and tragic that only kindred feeling can interpret it accurately. The myth of Prometheus, as the symbol of this state of being, has been a favorite subject with modern poets. Shelley masks in it his wild atheism; Mrs. Browning finds consolation in translating it as given by Æschylus; Percival breathes into it his struggles and audacious yearnings; and Goethe, in the similar legend of “Faust,” gives vent to his bold graspings, his subtle insight, and his many-sided experience. But a still deeper tragedy is enacted in our time. To plunge boldly in a sea of doubt, the waters dark, but the spirit bouyant; to find the sea, an ocean, the island of hope, a barren rock, dashed over by the waves; to feel the strength giving way, the courage turning to fear, the cheer of hope yielding to utter despair; to sink, “where fathom line could never touch the ground;” to rise perhaps to the surface, and find the sun gone down, and not even a star in sight; to sink again and be borne forever along the currents of the deep;—this is but the typical fate of many who strike out a path of religious doubt. Such was the experience of Blance White; Sterling just escaped a similar fate; and the spiritual light of Leopardi went out in hopeless gloom. But some recovering themselves, put trust in a single truth of Christianity, as the being of God; others so baffled that only a vague aspiration remains, shroud themselves in a misty spirit-

ualism ; others so wearied as to desire only rest, wherever it may be, take refuge in the Infallible Church ; yet there are many, who, trampling upon doubt, and forcing the Sphinx to solve her riddle, at length gain inward peace. They belong to a company of heroes, as yet unchronicled in history, but far more worthy of the name than those whose deeds astonish the world. For the conquest of the foes that now assail religious belief, even if the contest be silent and personal, is a test of courage and moral strength far exceeding that of a martial or civic triumph. As the leader of this band, stands Dante, and around him are grouped such men as Schiller, Coleridge, Foster, Arnold, Carlyle, Martineau, and Robertson. If their features are sobered, like those of the "sadder and the wiser man," by a tragic experience, and if their works send out a spirit of sadness, of noble and chastened sorrow, yet the kindling eye, the earnest sympathy, the liberal and sincere piety, which they indicate, are as beacon lights to those still struggling with the powers of darkness ; hope brightens, courage inspires, doubt leaves their hearts, as from the song of these champions the words ring out,

"Onward in Faith and leave the rest to Heaven."

III. As the result of this constant dwelling upon the interests of the soul, a vital spirituality has infused itself into literature. Especially is this true of the higher class of imaginative works. They do not simply body forth the loves and griefs of common life, but grasp those hidden emotions and thoughts, which, being of the spiritual life, so often elude the power of language. They combine the fruits of abundant meditation, with a keen and microscopic insight into the sorrows and aspirations of the soul. If they do not embrace the doctrines of Christianity with sufficient exactness to satisfy the theologian, they yet partake largely enough of its spirit to strengthen the heart, and to set forth clearly the grandeur and beauty of divine truth. In short, they include

that kind of religion which meets the sorrows and wants of men, rather than any regular body of divinity. And yet, for this very reason, sadness presses upon the heart. The deeper sensibility to the suffering of humanity, and the truer perception of spiritual relations which mark our time, have made the ties of sympathy which bind man to man, much stronger than ever before ; and it is natural for such feelings to speak out in the language of sadness. But this sadness, unlike that which comes from the depths of some divine despair, wells up from the stir of inward emotion, is the companion of holy thought, and imparts unspeakable beauty to character. It loves to muse in the dim religious twilight, or in the mysterious stillness of the night, and to hear the songs of children, the forest's wailings, the brook's prattle, and the voice of sympathy. It finds that

"Even the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It creates a pure joy instinct with love of the true, the beautiful, and the good. But most of all, it seeks "the inner cloud-world of man's spirit." There, brooding in deep silence, or moved by aspirations for that future home,

"Where the ideal is mystery no more,
Where doubt and error flee with night away,"

it forms a mystic and holy language of its own.

Wordsworth was among the first to give this meditative spirituality to literature ; and the "Excursion,"—in its fullness of lofty thought, its tracing of the mind as it acts on nature, its unfoldings of the inner life, its far gropings into the spiritual world, its hymns of faith and joy, its lifting up and chastening of lowly objects by virtue of a pure imagination,—the great representative poem of the age,—not less than the ode on "Intimations of Immortality," whose sweet harmony of thought and feeling touches so many deep emotions, and the "Sonnets," so full of exquisite beauty and human love—bear ever increasing tes-

timony of his power. The works of Coleridge share, also, with those of Wordsworth, in creating this influence. It was the earnest and successful labor of his life to gain that philosophical groundwork of belief upon which faith can securely rest. His writings are all votive offerings at the shrine of truth; and his words, richly freighted with the lessons of a wide experience and the fruits of spiritual vision, were like the preaching of a new gospel to the eager youth, who frequented Highgate in his later years. The mantle of Wordsworth and Coleridge has fallen upon worthy successors. De Quincy shows the same spirit, as he recalls the memories of an uncommon childhood, and pens, with firm faith, the history of his mental and spiritual life. Mrs. Browning utters the same plaintive loneliness of feeling, the same holy aspirations, and seems,—like the mournful mystic Novalis, whose “Hymns to Night,” are full of spiritual and impassioned emotion,—to have her true poetic home amid the mysteries of the spirit-world. Longfellow echoes the same thoughts in his “Voices of the Night.” Whittier is true to the same great ideas of right, and delights in the same religious sentiment. Emerson is ever ardent in the pursuit of ideal beauty and spiritual good, but not without a sad mournfulness, as seen in his “Threnody,” and “The Sphinx.” Lowell unites the humanity, calmness, and depth of Wordsworth, with the graceful tenderness of Keats.

Bryant is never content with pictures of feeling and nature, but breaks forth in meditations upon human life and immortality; and Dana, casting introspective glances into his own heart, and partaking deeply of the spirit of our elder literature, has given new sanctity to the truths and yearnings of the soul. And Tennyson, taking up, in the matchless lyrics of *In Memoriam*, the familiar strains of sorrow and trouble, and infusing them with a truly sympathetic insight into the religious character of this century, has also added the consolations of the

Christian life. The same tendency is visible in painting and sculpture. Artists have especially sought those subjects which appeal to spiritual emotions; and Cole's “Voyage of Life,” Faed's “Evangeline,” Bartholomew's “Eve,” and Crawford's “Orpheus,” are each types of this new element in art.

Thus, regarding excess of emotion, strong speculative tendencies, and deep spirituality, as the leading causes of the spirit of sadness, peculiar to the literature of our time, we can not but look forward with hope to the future. The various influences now at work, as they blend with each other, settling deeper into life and literature, and losing the morbid intensity which attended their development, will form a basis upon which the most enduring works can be built. The great truths of the soul which have been brought to light, the new shades of feeling which have been detected, the diffusion of knowledge, and progress of science which has never before been so great, and the union of philosophy with religion, which is beginning to show itself, not only in works of the imagination, but even in theological treatises,—all these are elements which have entered largely into the permanent literature of all nations, in every age, and which are the peculiar elements in the literature of our own.

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

THERE'S nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale;
That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And, like the balm affection brings,
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rose-bud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest,
Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,
Or mingle in the mountain spray,
Or sparkling in the bow of God.

"A TRIFLE JEALOUS."

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

MRS. Somers came out of her dressing-room and took her place at the tea-table, looking much disturbed and a little displeased. Mr. Somers—kindest and most watchful of husbands—sitting opposite, was quick to perceive the cloud upon her brow.

"What troubles you now, Louise? Does your new dress fit badly, or has some critic among your dear 'five hundred,' passed an unfavorable judgment upon it?"

"Neither, Charles. The dress fits beautifully, and is admired by all who have seen it," replied the lady, forcing a little smile. "Yet, I confess, it is the sole cause of my trouble. The fact is, the dress is not likely to be finished for Mrs. Hall's party to-morrow night, and I can not help feeling a little disappointed. Lora has the headache so much, and gets on so slowly, that I have been ready to wish I had procured some other seamstress."

"Do not do that if you can possibly avoid it, Louise. I have discovered that her mother is a widow, and in feeble health, and that from former affluence, they have been reduced to absolute destitution. Lora, though singularly quiet and reserved, seems to me an intelligent and high-minded girl whom it would be something more than charity to aid. Besides, you promised to employ her for two weeks, did you not?"

"I told her that if she suited me, and the work was not too confining for her, I would keep her that time; but, really, I do not like to wear an old dress to Mrs. Hall's, when you were so kind as to give me a new one expressly for that occasion."

"No,—and you must not. Can't you send for Miss Prindle to help the girl finish it?"

"Miss Prindle is so jealous and consequential, that I doubt whether she would work with Lora at all. If she did, her petulance would keep the

poor child in tears half the time. But she would do the work very quickly; much more so than Lora can do at her best."

"I advise you to send for her then by all means, but do not part with Lora. Your doing so in dissatisfaction might seriously injure her chances of employment elsewhere. Get Miss Prindle here early before Lora comes, and explain the matter to her, and by a little supervision you can surely prevent her from treating the poor girl rudely."

Mrs. Somers assented, and early next morning dispatched an urgent summons to Miss Prindle, one of that uncomfortable class of genteel dress-makers who "only go out to oblige their dear friends."

As Mrs. Somers sat by the window watching for her appearance, and seriously uneasy in view of the half-finished dress, she was surprised to see her husband, who had left an hour before for his place of business, re-entering the gate, accompanied by Lora the sewing-girl. They passed into the hall, and Louise heard them conversing together in low but earnest tones. Then the gentleman ushered the girl into the little back-parlor used as a sewing-room, and calling a servant to bring a fresh supply of coal, came whistling into the room where his wife was sitting.

There was a peculiar expression of mystery and gratification on his face, which Louise did not fail to note, as well as the unusual accompaniment of the whistle. With a smile she inquired why he had returned at that hour, and what event had so pleasantly excited him.

"Business as well as pleasure brought me," he answered, evasively, and added, "I am glad you decided to keep Lora, and especially desirous that you should retain her a few days longer, at all events. But here comes Miss Prindle, and I leave you to the enjoyment of her amiable society." And with a bow of exceeding politeness to the incomer, he left the house.

"Good morning, dear Mrs. Somers; delighted to see you. For no other person's bidding in the wide world would I have left home this morning, I do assure you. And now I can only give you four hours; then I must go and get up the Misses Blonde for their ball. Who is your girl, Mrs. Somers?"

"Lora Warden."

"No! Pray, Mrs. Somers, who recommended *her* to you?"

"One or two of my friends recommended her sewing, and Mr. Somers discovered that her family are in extreme need."

"Ah! How nearly is the dress completed?"

"The waist and skirt are made, but not trimmed. The sleeves, I presume, are not yet touched."

"Monstrous! Nevertheless, I can finish it if you give it me alone, but I never sew with that kind of girls; besides, I shall probably have to rip half her work. So, unless you send her away, I can not undertake it."

Louise reflected, but the proposition was by no means agreeable to her better feelings. No—she would not sacrifice poor Lora to this domineering Miss Prindle. She answered, "That would disappoint her severely, for she expects to sew for me a fortnight. Besides, Mr. Somers particularly requested that I should keep her at least a few days."

"Ah!—Indeed!"

The artful tones were so curiously modulated, that Louise looked up in surprise.

"Why do you say that, Miss Prindle?"

"Oh, because;—nothing. Only I have heard of gentlemen where she sews making that request before."

"Miss Prindle!"

"Why, Mrs. Somers, I haven't said any thing, and wouldn't for the world. Only if one's very dignified reserve makes a pretty veil for one's real character, and some people can see through it, and others can't, I don't know that I am to blame."

The poison took effect. Jealousy was not one Mrs. Somers' faults; she loved and respected her husband with her whole heart and mind, and sometimes in view of the superior nobleness of his character, had felt herself quite unworthy to be his companion. But Miss Prindle's manner more than her words excited suspicion, and the circumstances of the morning troubled her. Why had Mr. Somers returned home that morning? And why had he stopped to converse with Lora in the hall? and why, unless for the pleasure of her society, had he earnestly insisted that she should be retained?

Ashamed to ask questions, or to appear disturbed, Louise led the way to the sewing-room, and exhibited the dress.

"It was magnificent—superb—it was a color exquisitely becoming to Mrs. Somers, and it *ought* to have been well made."

At any other time Louise would have rebuked the insulting speech and pitied the poor girl who heard it with quivering lips; but the poison worked in her heart, and she remained silent.

"You don't expect to finish this?" questioned the sharp voice of Miss Prindle.

"I think I can, easily," was the low but decided answer. "Yesterday I could not sew steadily, but to-day my head is better."

"The sleeves are not commenced, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Somers.

"Oh yes," and the girl held them up, beautifully made and trimmed.

"Humph! You must have sat up the whole night. But it cured your head, I suppose," sneered Miss Prindle.

"I was obliged to sit up a part of the night with my mother, so when not waiting upon her, I sewed upon the sleeves."

Miss Prindle was closely scrutinizing the work, and now exclaimed, triumphantly, "One of these sleeves is made wrong side outward."

"There is no difference in the sides," returned Lora, with a burning cheek.

"I beg your pardon, miss. Your large experience is for once at fault. There is no difference in the fabric, but in the fold. You perceive, Mrs. Somers, one of these sleeves has the crease outside and the other inside, and on a rich dress like this it is sure to be noticed. Then the trimming is sewed quite too near the edge."

"It was Mrs. Somers who directed it," said the poor seamstress.

"If it is wrong, Miss Prindle, you can alter it, as you know precisely how it should be placed; and, Lora, I think the dress had better be given to Miss Prindle, to finish entirely. Your plain sewing is very well done, but a dress like this requires more experience. After these parties are over, if I need you, I will send for you."

How was it that Mrs. Somers' really kind heart did not smite her for such injustice to her helpless sewing-girl. Alas! Miss Prindle's vile insinuation was rankling within. Still she thought of her husband's displeasure, and even then might possibly have recalled her words, had not the young girl, who, rising with dignity, already had her bonnet in her hand, turned toward her and said:

"I am ready to go, Mrs. Somers; but, if you please, could I see Mr. Somers one moment?"

The lady's eyes flashed. Never was question so ill-timed. "Mr. Somers is not at home," she said, "and will not be until evening. Am I indebted to you?"

"Not at all, madam; you paid me last night," the girl answered, resolutely forcing back the tears Mrs. Somers' manner called forth; and then bowing a good morning, she went out.

Louise retired to dress and receive calls, but her conscience was restless, and the day wore away heavily, in spite of the triumphant completion at an early hour of the beautiful party dress. An hour before dinner her

husband came in with a hurried step, and holding a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Is Miss Prindle gone?" he said, "because I have something to say which her gossiping tongue must not repeat, at least at present. Something that I think will give you more pleasure, Louise, than all the gayeties of the evening." He unfolded a newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph. "This paper was handed me as I was passing into my office this morning by a gentleman who had heard of Mrs. Warden and her daughter. One reading convinced me that the paragraph referred to them. Hear it: 'If Mary Warden or her heirs, supposed to be living in this city, descendants of Ralph Singleton of Singleton Hall, Somersetshire, England, will call at No. . . . Wall-street, they will hear of something to their advantage.' I recollected that Lora had once spoken of her English home, and the name of Singleton; and not knowing where she now resides, I came home to see if she were here. I overtook her at the gate, and questioned her all I could without too much arousing her curiosity, lest, after all, there should prove to be a mistake. And for the same reason I did not mention the matter to you. I went immediately to Wall-street, but the writer of the paragraph was out, and but an hour ago returned. My consultation with him was entirely satisfactory. He is the executor of Ralph Singleton, who died not long since, leaving nearly one hundred thousand pounds to his daughter, Mary Warden, if living; if not, to her children. It seems to have been the old story of parental harshness, a runaway match, disinheritance, emigration to America, poverty, and finally the death of the husband of Mary, and father of Lora. The old gentleman, who had no other child, dying repented his severity, and left her the whole of his fortune. Thus I have sketched the story, in order that you may help me break the news to her in the gentlest possible

manner. What a surprise for poor Lora! What news for her suffering mother? Come, let us go in and tell her immediately."

Louise did not rise from her chair, but sat for a moment like one stunned, then buried her face in her hands and wept bitter tears. "O Charles! You will despise me for what I have done! Miss Prindle poisoned my mind against her with foul slanders, and I discharged her."

"You *what*, Louise? You don't mean that you sent her away?"

"Yes, I did, Charles, I sent her away—and what is worse, I do not even know where she lives. But I will find her, Charles, I can surely find her."

"And you trusted Miss Prindle's malicious tongue rather than that young girl's pure and noble face? Louise, had you not told me yourself, *I never could have believed it of you.*"

Oh, what would not the young wife have given as those bitter words fell upon her ear, to recall the past few hours. But she *would* not stop to feel them,—no, she must act. Going to her room she returned in a moment with her bonnet and shawl.

"I am going to Mrs. Burns," she said. "It is possible she can direct me to Mrs. Warden's." And her husband volunteered to accompany her.

Mrs. Burns did not know the widow's present residence; she had formerly lived in Pond-street, but removed some time ago. To go home and dine, and then seek the house in Pond-street, occupied more than an hour, and Louise insisted on accompanying her husband.

"But it is nearly time for you to dress for the party," suggested her husband.

"I shall go to no parties, Charles, until the girl is found," she answered, decidedly; and Mr. Somers was pleased with her resolution, and did not oppose it.

From Pond-street they were directed to another and yet another wretched tenement, and still the lost

remained unfound. As they stopped and looked around in uncertainty, a woman came out of a house near them.

"Can you tell me," said Mrs. Somers, "if a Mrs. Warden lives in this neighborhood?"

"She lives in that house, up stairs," replied the woman, pointing to a window, "or, I should say, she *did* live there. She died an hour ago."

"Died! of what disease?"

"The doctor said it was a heart trouble, and I reckon it meant a great deal. She was feeble enough in common, but this morning she was about as usual, and sat in her chair trying to sew. Before noon Lora came home from her work-place, and we heard them talking and sobbing together. Then all of a sudden she took a fit like, and never came out of it. I'll show you up."

They pressed up the stairs, and entered the bare and desolate room, where the heiress of Ralph Singleton—whose forgiveness, like that of many other stern hearts had come too late—had breathed her last. A few sympathizing neighbors had performed the last offices for the dead, and Lora sat apart in her anguish mute and tearless. She did not see the newcomers, until Louise bent and kissed her forehead. It was no time then to speak of the past, but the softened expression in the girl's eyes, as she lifted them to the tearful face of the lady, told that she was not unforgiving.

Very cautiously and kindly Mr. Somers communicated to her the tidings of the great fortune which was to end forever her grinding toils, the weary bondage of soul and body. But the girl groaned bitterly, and her words were arrows in her listener's ears.

"Oh, what is it to me now? If it could but have come *one hour sooner!* If my mother could have heard you say that her father forgave and blessed her!"

"Hush, dear," interposed one of the women, soothingly. "Mayhap she knows all now."

"But I should have seen her smile once more before she died! My poor, poor mother,—I never saw her smile after my father's death. She said her own father's curse pursued her; it bled her heart to death. But, oh mother! the suffering is over now—" and tears gushing freely relieved the overcharged heart of the orphan.

Ever from that night Mr. Somers' house was Lora's home, and in it she was cherished and beloved as a dear sister. And when the "great panic" came, and Charles Somers trembled in the near prospect of financial ruin, it was her hand that delicately conveyed to him of her abundance, more than enough to steady his tottering credit, and put all his business interests in safety.

Mrs. Somers was never again jealous of her husband, but she dearly loves to speak the praises of her adopted sister in the hearing of Miss Prindle, who, if she were permitted, would train her pliant tongue to cajole and flatter the heiress with as much facility as it once sought to blacken the fair fame of the sewing-girl.

USES OF SORROW.

We see a shadow upon every good;
But let our heavy sorrows have their way,
And as they well into a tearful flood,
What comfort may not come? Ah, who
can say?

Grief hath a mission holier than joy—
It moves the selfish, and it warms the
cold;
A common sorrow will e'en pain destroy,
And change the king and beggar to one
mold.

Our griefs should make us gentler to our
kind,
And as we comfort need more comfort
pay;
So using sorrow, we our tears shall find
Have wash'd some grossness of our souls
away.

LITANY.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also."—1 COR. xiv. 15.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before thee.
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our
truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat
them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand, it leads us, it supports us,
We hear Thy voice, it counsels and it courts
us,
And then we turn away,—and still Thy kind-
ness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glow-
ing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us
blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord but Thou de-
lightest
To win with love the wandering,—Thou in-
vitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing,
To every generous thought, and grateful
feeling,
That voice paternal, whispering, watching
ever?
My bosom, never.

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the war-
dens,
Where every flower that creeps through
death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

A SMILE, an expression, will tell a
history, there are years of association
in it, long years of memory and their
shadows.

CHILDREN—OUR THANKS-
GIVING SERMON.

BY THE EDITOR.

"CHILDREN, God bless them! who can help loving them!" says Mr. Sparrowgrass. "Children, God bless them! are the only beings for whom we have no 'imperfect sympathies.'—We love them through and through. There is nothing conventional in the hearty laugh of a child. The smile of a child is unsusceptible of artifice. I once corrected one of my little ones and put him to bed for having been stubborn at his letters. Then I waited until he fell asleep, and then I watched beside him until he slumbered out his sorrows. When he opened his eyes he stretched out his little arms, smiled up in my face, and forgave me. The Lord forgive me for the wailing I gave him! I owe him an apology which I intend to make as soon as he is old enough to understand it. There is nothing so odious to the mind of a child as injustice, and young married people are prone to expect too much and exact too much of their eldest born. If then, we are unjustly severe from our want of experience, it seems to me there is something due, some reparation on our part, to the individual whose feelings we have injured. If we lose temper with a gentleman six feet high, and call him hard names, we often find it convenient to apologize. It seems to me that three feet of wounded sensibility is, at least, entitled to respectful consideration. What do you think of that, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?" triumphantly asked the brilliant Mr. Sparrowgrass.

We think it very good, and that it proves Mr. S. to be possessed at least of a gentle and refined soul; and it gives us great respect for his heart, although, hitherto, we have often been obliged to consider him a very stupid, blundering gentleman, who was always getting unnecessarily into hot water. His remarks to Mrs. S. confirmed the ideas which were floating in our brain and condensed their fog-

giness into a refreshing dew which we propose to sprinkle over the hard, unopening hearts of a portion of our readers.

Children are often very cruelly wronged, both by parents whose very intensity of affection makes them anxious that *their* children should be perfect; and by those who find personal chastisement a swifter and easier mode of punishment than one which patience, with firm, kind temper, and the exercise of reason would lead them to inflict. If parents would remember that they, themselves, are far from rendering perfect obedience to *their* Father in heaven, and far from fulfilling all the commands of their own conscience, it might teach them charity for the impulsive little ones, and suggest to them patience in inquiring into the cause of the fault, discretion in judging of the force of the temptation, and love in apportioning the proper punishment.

Fathers and mothers who have not the entire control of their own tempers are very apt, either through carelessness or recklessness, to visit the sins of their own impatience upon their offending and unoffending children. In this they do a double wrong; they increase the petulance and irritability of their own dispositions, and they outrage and deaden the sensitive affections of their offspring, of whom they demand an excellence far superior to their own example. Mr. Sparrowgrass, for instance, doubtless an amiable man generally, "got out of patience," as the common expression is, with his little boy for being stubborn at his letters. The little fellow may have been confused, or wearied, or even intentionally perverse; but his father did a great wrong; for he lost the control of his own temper, and inflicted upon the child a punishment which his conscience, the moment the clamor of his anger subsided, assured him was too severe. Filled with remorse, he kept watch by the couch where the boy he had wronged was sleeping off

his sense of injury and injustice. The father pictured to himself the resentment *he* should have felt toward any stronger man who should have treated *him* so; and made up his mind to bear the look of reproach or dislike which should darken that innocent face upon his awakening, as no more than his just reward. But when, with a soft, tremulous sigh, which, light as it was, fell like lead upon the heart of the father, the child awoke,—the rosy lips part and the eyes unclosed, and instead of the look of distrust and aversion, there was the forgiving smile, the little caressing arms, the loving voice. Doubtless the tears gushed to the eyes of Mr. Sparrowgrass; doubtless he felt how much more great in its simplicity was the heart of the little child, than the weak, bad, tyrannizing heart of the man.

If parents governed *themselves* better, there would be less government, of a coercive and severe kind, over their children. Children should obey; when they do not obey cheerfully and joyfully, they should be compelled into submission. But if no unkind, unnecessary, and thoughtless commands were laid upon them, there would be less rebellion. The child has its rights; and it has a very keen sense of what belongs to it; its delicate susceptibilities, its little wishes and preferences, should not be continually trampled under foot by the stern sway of the parent.

We do not believe in the death penalty for men; neither do we believe that the tender flesh of children should be bruised, and battered, and welted, and scarred for their little or great misdemeanors. It must be a hardening process to the mind of the chastiser, as well as the chastised, this continued beating, and thumping, and knocking. It is not calculated to make a man either smart or amiable, to degrade him by blows or by a whipping. If a man is in the situation of a slave and compelled to submit, it makes him dull, obstinate, and brutal; if he has an opportunity to

resent it, he is angry and revenges himself, or is disgraced in the eyes of men, and called a coward.

Something of the spirit which in after life gives a man suitable pride and dignity of character, must burn in the boyish soul; and an unreflecting parent may do irreparable injury to that spirit by humiliating punishment during youth. There is a young man now in the Lunatic Asylum, in this State, rendered hopelessly insane by the personal chastisement and consequent mental torture, also, inflicted upon him by his father, for a very sinful act. The deed was bad—a theft, we believe—but was the severe punishment any better? He no doubt intended all for the son's good; but too close an examination into the *motives* for a fault, too searching an inquiry into the circumstances, and too careful a judgment of the character and disposition of the child, can not be made, if parents would not deplore such melancholy results. This is by no means a solitary case: Mrs. E. Oakes Smith tells a similar one in her "*Bertha and Lily*," and we could cite another from personal observation.

It is the solemn duty of parents to make themselves acquainted with the different *characters* of their children, which vary as much as the flowers in the garden vary. Far be it from us to dictate to parents *how* they should govern their family. We would only ask them to use judgment instead of severity, and patience instead of ill-temper; to remember that all natures can not be squared by one rule; that the infinite shades in the disposition of those living blossoms should be carefully studied; that they must have some sunlight of freedom, some fresh air of unrestraint, or they will be dwarfed and stunted, and that the Christian government is one of love and not of fear.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

ROSELAWN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

II.

MARSHALL Houston left me without one affectionate word—he whom I had always regarded as a brother; to whom I had given a sister's love. I felt this indifference keenly, but I had no one to complain to, and all must be borne in silence. He wrote me on a business matter shortly after his return to Cambridge, but there was no word of sympathy or consolation in the brief epistle.

Days passed slowly into months, and Roselawn was insufferably lonesome. Mrs. Rowe still remained, but she had no social element in her composition; and beyond the daily lessons I saw but little of her. She passed most of her time in her room, and rather avoided than sought my society. I began to feel that I could live thus no longer; I was getting sad and dispirited, and so I concluded on taking into the house some one of my own age and sex for a companion. Judge Moreton, my aunt's executor, and my guardian, was indulgent in the extreme toward me, allowing me to act in all things as I chose; and he cordially approved my plan of having a companion to cheer my solitude. My choice fell upon Elsie Graham, the youngest daughter of John Graham, a gardener by occupation. Elsie's parents were poor, and their family large, and they gratefully accepted my proposal.

Elsie Graham was beautiful—with a strange wildering kind of beauty which charmed all those coming within its influence. Her manners were winning and graceful; and I soon learned to love her deeply and tenderly. That she, in turn, was strongly attached to me, I was well satisfied, for though she was a year my senior, she would sit for hours at my feet, looking up into my face with a quaint mixture of love and reverence in her soft, bright eyes. She shared with me the instructions of Mrs. Rowe;

and an apt scholar she proved herself. Afterward, when I engaged a music-teacher, she astonished me by the rapidity with which she mastered the most difficult compositions, and the flexibility with which she sang the most trying arias. I grew very proud of her—so much so as if she had been my sister, I think; and I felt grateful to an overruling Providence that had permitted me to become the friend and patron of Elsie Graham.

From time to time, my quiet life was disturbed by rumors which reached me of Marshall Houston's dissolute habits; but I tried to banish thoughts of him as much as possible; he was young and impulsive, I said in extenuation, and would be better by-and-by from having sowed his wild oats. Consequently, I was illy prepared for the news which agitated the whole circle of his acquaintances, but which was not told to me until it could be no longer withheld. Marshall Houston was expelled from college! The intelligence came upon me like the crushing of a thunderbolt. He was discharged because he had disgraced the honorable institution where he studied; reasoning and expostulation had been repeatedly tried, but without effect; the forbearance of the faculty had been tried beyond endurance, and the fatal edict of expulsion had gone forth.

Four days after my reception of this piece of unwelcome news, as I was sewing in my room, Elsie having gone out to walk, the door of the apartment where I sat was flung hurriedly open, and Marshall Houston came in. I rose up quickly, offering him my hand, but he flung it from him with an impatient gesture, and sinking down in a chair, laid his head upon the table. I was startled by the wild haggardness of his face, and its fiery, intense expression.

"For Heaven's sake, Marshall, what has happened?" I asked him.

"Enough, Agnes! enough to make you despise me!"

I went over, and sat down by his

side. "Tell me all about it; I have a right to know."

There was a mighty struggle between his pride and his repentance, but the latter triumphed; and with an effort, he laid bare to me the whole truth. It was a story which has been told a hundred times. He had fallen into the temptation of bad company—he had been unable to resist; he had visited drinking-saloons and "gambling hells"—first, to kill time, afterward, to drown conscience in the accursed bowl, and to engage with professional gamblers in an occasional game for small bets on either side. The stakes had gradually risen—night after night he had indulged in the fascinating sin—until at last his whole property had been swallowed up, and his word of honor passed in payment of several thousands which his actual possessions failed to cover.

It was at this time that the death of Aunt Ethel had called him to Rose-lawn; and knowing the state of his mind at that period, I no longer reproached him for his absent-minded indifference toward me. I did not marvel that he should have wished to have been the heir himself instead of me. He had returned to Cambridge, and with the proceeds of the sale of his stocks, he had discharged his debts, at least, as far as the amount would admit of. But so far from discontinuing the practice which had ruined him, he only plunged more deeply into the vice, and now with rapacious creditors on every side clamoring for their dues, he had fled from Cambridge to escape from their clutches. He knew the character of each one of them well; knew that they would permit no obstacle to intervene between them and vengeance if he was unable to pay their demands, and remained where he could be touched. He said that he had labored sedulously to keep his conduct a secret to the officers and tutors of the college, but at last chance had betrayed him, and expulsion and disgrace had been the consequence. I

knew that this relation cost Marshall much humiliating suffering, and it pained me scarcely less to listen than him to confess. But I exerted my powers of self-control to appear indifferent, and I do not think he suspected the acuteness of my feelings.

And now, that I knew all, what comfort could I offer him? I made my decision immediately. He was a brother to me—I would make a sister's sacrifice. Two months more and I should be eighteen years of age; qualified to be my own mistress and the mistress of my property. The five thousand-dollar legacy should be paid to Marshall without delay; Judge Moreton would not object to that; and then, when I was by law the arbiter of my own fortune, I would raise money enough to pay every cent of his indebtedness. He should be relieved of this millstone of responsibility, and begin the world anew. I did not ask the sum of his creditor's claims, for I knew that it was very large by the despondent expression of his countenance whenever he alluded to this particular branch of the subject. I took his hot hand in mine, and talked to him a great while—I spoke out my heart's anxieties; I besought him, by all he held sacred, to turn from evil; I tried earnestly and tearfully to show him the terrible consequences of persistence. He laid his head in my lap, and wept like a little child. I think the tears made a better man of him. Very faithfully and solemnly he promised me that I should never have cause to blush for his conduct again; and I took the consolation home as a balm for my deep anxiety and doubting fear.

Before I had an opportunity to explain to Marshall the addition I had made to my household, Elsie came into the room, with that sweet gentle grace so peculiarly her own. Oh, how beautiful she was! I had never seen a brighter glow on her cheek, or a clear sparkle in her eye. Marshall arose to go out, but I detained him—he must know her position in the

family sometime; as well now as afterward.

"Elsie, this is Mr. Houston, of whom you have heard me speak; Marshall, Elsie Graham, my friend and adopted sister."

He bowed low before her; I could read his admiration of her exceeding loveliness in the deep reverence of that first salutation. For a moment, I regretted the accident of their meeting, but Elsie knew his short-comings, and to this knowledge I trusted for her safety in his society.

I applied at once to Judge Moreton; confided to him the whole affair from beginning to end, and the result proved that I had not mistaken his generous character. He placed the five thousand dollars of the legacy in my hands, and approved of my plan to give Marshall a chance of "making something of himself."

I intrusted this money to Marshall, instead of employing an agent to transact the affair as most persons would have done. I wished to try his strength, to ascertain whether he was in earnest in his promises of reformation. He was absent only a week, before he came back to Roselawn, and with a happy smile on his face told me that he had settled just two-thirds of his liabilities, and appeased the rapacity of his greedy creditors, for the present at least. And now he wanted to talk with me of his future prospects. He would like to remain at Roselawn for a few weeks, if I would permit—he thought quiet and the sacred recollections of the place would be beneficial to him. Afterward, a situation in some mercantile house as bookkeeper or accountant would meet his views; but how was this to be obtained? Disgraced in the eye of the world, stigmatized as a gambler, expelled from college—who would take him into confidence with such a character? I was doubtful, but I did my best to cheer him; and while seeking expedi-

ents, I thought of the parting words of Mr. Rutherford: "If you are ever in need of a friend, remember Clinton Rutherford; and apply to him as to a relative."

I retired to my room to ponder on this mental suggestion, and after much thought, I decided that the next day's mail should carry a letter to Mr. Rutherford, asking his presence at Roselawn on a matter which nearly concerned my peace of mind. It would prove his professed friendship, if nothing more.

It was early in June, and a walk in the meadow adjoining the turnpike was my daily recreation; and at sunset I went out as was my custom. I was thinking all the time of Marshall and his interests, and so intent was I upon this theme, that I failed to notice the coming of a gentleman down the path from the city. Therefore, it was with some surprise that I heard the voice of Clinton Rutherford at my side.

"Miss Snowe, will you welcome an unexpected visitor?"

"Most cordially—notwithstanding the start you gave me in coming upon me thus stealthily—the more especially, since I was going to send for you to come by to-morrow's post."

I wished to go about the business at once, never pausing to reflect on what his errand to this vicinity might be; so I went on to tell him with little preface, the story of Marshall's disgrace, and my wish to aid him in every honorable endeavor. He had heard the unpleasant tale—every particular—he said, and it was this knowledge that had brought him to Roselawn. Walking to and fro beneath the flowering locust-trees, he told me that he had come to offer Marshall the place of confidential clerk in a large mercantile establishment in Philadelphia, of which his brother, John Rutherford, was the acting partner. He had high hopes for our unfortunate friend, and would consign him to the care of his brother in full faith of his final reformation.

We had a long conversation upon this matter, and then Mr. Rutherford accompanied me up to the house. Marshall received him with pleasure, though the flush of mortified pride rose to his cheek, when Rutherford delicately alluded to his misconduct, and offered him the clerkship. Marshall was only too glad to accept it; and the warmth and *empressement* of his gratitude evidently embarrassed his generous friend, for he looked at his watch, and declared it time for him to return to the city. I vetoed this intention forthwith; Mr. Rutherford must not think of leaving Roselawn for some days; we should enjoy the society of so good a friend. He consented to remain, and a little later, when Elsie came into the parlor, I thought that he was glad he had done so. His eyes scarcely left her face; he noticed every gesture, and hung upon every word. When she sang and played, by his request, he was close to her side, and his praises were enthusiastic when she had finished. I did not wonder at this, for Elsie was very beautiful.

Mr. Rutherford lingered at Roselawn for some days. I need not deny that his presence gave me pleasure, although he said little to me in comparison to his attentions to Elsie. But she was perfect in manner as well as person, while I was plain and unattractive. It was not to be expected that so elegant a gentleman as Clinton Rutherford would waste his time in being agreeable to a woman like myself. This thought, truthful though it was, gave me unlimited pain; it is very hard, sometimes, to take an unshrinking view of a stern reality.

When with Elsie, he was gay, witty, and devoted; they were never sober for an instant, and whole hours I would sit unnoticed by the window, listening with an aching heart to the sparkling sallies which fell from their happy lips. When, by chance, he was left alone with me, his whole manner changed; he was grave, even solemn—he spoke but little, and had

a curious way of scrutinizing my face whenever I laughed or looked sad. This manner confused me; I fancied him making comparisons between Elsie and myself, and I grew cold and repellent under pressure of the idea. No woman can endure a severe, calculating scrutiny of this kind, from one whom she respects, with calmness.

At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Rutherford announced his intention of leaving Roselawn the following morning. Marshall was to accompany him, he said, and they would leave in the early train. He glanced up at me as he spoke, and then at Elsie. She blushed, turned pale, and rising hastily, went out of the parlor. Mr. Rutherford and I were alone. He was turning the pages of an annual, restlessly and uneasily; I was sewing on a frock for Elsie. There was an unpleasant silence which I felt must be broken, somehow, so I ventured to give the first thought which entered my brain utterance.

"You have decided hastily, Mr. Rutherford; why not remain longer?"

"I have lengthened my visit greatly beyond my original intention, Miss Snowe; why do you say that I should stay longer?"

I knew of no reason, so I gave none. He waited a moment, then continued, "My business has been brought to a close, I believe; at least, I must think so, from appearances. Is not this your opinion?"

I did not comprehend him, and still kept silence. He arose, and drew a chair to my side. Glancing up at his face, I saw that there was an unusual look of determination upon it, and a slight tremor broke the firm lines about his mouth. He was going to tell me of his love for my adopted sister, and ask, perhaps, my consent to his suit. I shut my lips tightly together; I would receive his words with composure.

"Miss Snowe," he said, abruptly, "are you like your name?"

I answered him coldly and calmly.

"Possibly I may be, under certain circumstances."

He looked fixedly at me for a moment, then caught my hand in so close a grasp that he gave me physical pain, and exclaimed, "Then hear me! For once I yield to the weakness—remember for the last time as well as the first. I have remained here day after day, hoping to thaw your nature, but I have only frozen it. Once, and for all, I make the confession: I have loved you as I never shall love again—no! God forbid! The heart of an honest man I have given you, and you fling it away! And yet you ask me why I do not stay longer!" Both anguish and despair were in his tones, but I was stricken with an astonishment which sealed my lips, and he went on: "Agnes, my darling—I will call you so once—what have I done to deserve this frigid indifference? Scorn me, spurn me, any thing but this calm stolidity! But in parting, let us say, Farewell, in peace—*friends we can never be*, but let us separate in good-will."

"Shall we be more than friends?" I involuntarily lifted my eyes to his face, and I know that the new happiness of my soul spoke through them. He gazed down upon me a moment as though he would read my secret heart; then gathered me up in his arms, and kissed my lips.

Mr. Rutherford said that he had loved me at first, when I had besought his advice years ago; and he had always intended to seek me when I was old enough to know fully my own mind. He had not wished to bind me by vows which I might repent when I had grown older, and so he had waited. It was the sentiment which he had entertained for me which had brought him up to Roselawn so suddenly; he had felt assured that I needed a friend then, if at any time, and he had come to relieve my mind from anxiety on Marshall's account. But why had he been so very attentive to Elsie? I

couldn't help asking him the question, though people might think it was like casting a doubt over my faith in him. He smiled as he answered me—smiled at this little exhibition of womanly jealousy, I imagine.

"I remained much at the side of Elsie, I admit; partly because she closely resembles my only sister—now with the angels; and partly because your coldness drove me to her society. You know, Agnes, that you were a very iceberg."

That night, after I had retired to my room, Elsie came to the door to ask if she might come in for a little while. When I had given permission, she came and sat down at my feet, in her favorite way, and with her sweet face all tears, smiles, and blushes, she told me a story.

Marshall Houston loved her; she loved him in return; what should she do to obtain my sanction? She knew all his faults, she said, but she was not afraid to trust him; she firmly believed that she could help make a better man of him; she should be unhappy all her life if she thought it must be spent apart from his. I had my misgivings; dearly as I loved them both, I was fearful to confide my gentle Elsie to the care of one who had been so weak. But Elsie pleaded the case so eloquently, and my own newly-born happiness was perhaps an incentive to my willingness, that I kissed her tenderly, and bade her go to her lover and tell him I consented to his taking her away from me.

There was a double wedding, one pleasant Sabbath morning, in the old church in the maple wood; Elsie gave up her young life to add happiness and light to that of Marshall Houston; and I was made Mrs. Rutherford.

Marshall took his young wife to Philadelphia, and engaging a neat house, the two began life. He found employment in the store of John Rutherford; and in his employer he gained a steadfast, sincere friend.

Let me here remark that his promises of reformation were more than verified. He stands, to-day, among Philadelphia's most honored citizens, possessed of wealth and influence; but, better than all, his character is without a blemish. And Elsie is one of the happiest little wives in all the Quaker city.

My husband discharged all Marshall's debts, immediately on our marriage, and sent him the receipts, but he has long ago repaid him, principal and interest. We have a pleasant house in Boston; and we pass all our summers at Roselawn. I love the old place, and my dear Clinton is always willing to gratify me in every reasonable thing.

God be thanked for bringing me up to such happiness as has fallen to my lot; and let me not fix my affections so deeply on earthly objects as to forget the duty I owe to a beneficent Heaven.

"WEAK AND WOUNDED, SICK AND SORE."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Bound over the marble whiteness
Of a brow in deathly rest,
Are the locks whose golden brightness
Your fingers have caress'd;
Heavy with such mortal ecstasies,
That they never more can rise,
Are the lids your loving holiness
Kindled over her shining eyes.

You sit in the solemn silence
That her dying breath has left,
And think of the sunny islands
From your sea of life bereft;
Then shutting the gates of dreaming
Forever upon your soul,
You mourn that such sun bright seeming,
The darkness of death should hold.

God knows that no other shadow
Is like this in which you grope;
For before your life's fair meadow
Had brought to its bloom your hope,
Death struck from your hand the chalice,
Fill'd up to the brim with bliss,
And led through the darksome valleys
The beloved one that you miss.

'Tis hard to believe sincerely
The right of the smarting blow,
And you see not plainly, clearly,
The way that your faith should go;

But smother the bitter feeling
That strives for life in your soul,
And pray for the chrism of healing
That over your heart must roll,—

Must roll ere the dreary yearning
And the deathly weight of woe
Are dimm'd by the steady burning
Of a faith sublime and true;
For stricken and faint with sorrow,
And far from the shining strand,
But One can show you the morrow,
And touch with the healing hand.

WHAT IS SHE LIKE?

BY D. A. BIBB.

What is she like? A little ween,
That haunts the brushwood of the glen—
A bright-eyed, shy, brown-coat'd thing
Whose simple notes so clearly ring,
We feel 'tis glad as innocent,
And which, in every heart, is blest
With thoughts of simple, cheerful life
Devoid of passion, pain, or strife.

What is she like? A violet
Amid the lowly mosses set,
Whose tender, pure, and perfect hue
Scarce noticed by the common crew,
To every eye that views it near
Must render it serenely dear,
Connecting it, in memory,
With beauty, peace, and purity.

What is she like? A quiet star,
That, in the broad sky burns afar,
To vulgar minds a shining dot,
But telling, unto higher thought,
A beautiful and mystic story
Of spiritual strength and glory—
Of progress without haste or rest
Toward all that's highest, noblest, best.

MODESTY.

Modesty in woman is the charm of charms—it is like the mantle of green to nature, without which she is a desert, or a morass. It is modesty which supplies the very nerves and soul to beauty. "A fair woman without virtue," saith the Bible, "is like palled wine." It is a woman's *point of honor*, which she can never allow to be insulted with impunity. Her honor, like the snow, is melted with the slightest touch. It is like rose-water in a beautiful glass; break but the glass, and how doth the fragrant essence embrace the dust, and lose forever its charming sweetness.

A PEEP AT PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

BY M. DELANCY.

WE shall ask no pardon of our readers for publishing the following letters on a subject of so much importance, and shall only premise that the writers are Miss L. D., of Ohio, and Mrs. J. T. B., of N. Y.

ALDEN, OHIO, *June*, 185—.

DEAR COUSIN JENNY:—I have been perusing your last letter, dated (to my shame) six months ago, and in it I find this sentence: "If at any time in the future you get perplexed or in trouble, Lu, let me be your confidant." It may be that you had prophetic vision when writing those words, for though not in trouble, I am in some measure perplexed. Do you remember in the days of yore, when you and I were merry girls at the old Academy of H—, of a certain treatise upon matrimony, which graced the county gazette, and of which your correspondent was the author? If so, you will smile to think that the one who discoursed so eloquently upon marriage, its duties, pleasures, &c., should now be seeking light upon that self-same subject; yet so it is. "Am I in love then, you ask!" That is half what I wish to know. You will not longer doubt that I am perplexed, will you? The truth is, I have been planning these years how every thing was to come about, and now my plans are all thrown in confusion, by an entirely different *happen* of things. Of course I was going to have a long, pleasant courtship with some splendid beau, like our Charley M—, of old, and after all our wild oats were sown, we were to be married, have a honeymoon trip, and then settle (gradually) down to staid married life. But instead of a' that, here comes an Esq. Jones, who is ten years my senior, and has only just found out (through friends, I suppose) that he needed a wife, and after one or two sittings of

the court (*courting*, of course), has proposed that the parties in question do henceforth lay aside all differences (did you ever dream of my becoming a lawyer?) and join suit. But laying aside bantering, I wish you to write me a long, long letter, and fill it with whole ounces (I inclose three stamps) of experience and wisdom. I will propound a few questions which I would like answered, give you a short description of the Esq., (am I too jovial to be in love?) and leave the rest for you to fill out as you choose. 1st. Do you believe in learning to love, especially *after* marriage? Some writers say a marriage of any but devoted lovers will never be a happy one. 2d. Do you believe happiness leans toward the union of natures like or unlike? Do you think discrepancy of age a *great* objection? Do you think a *still* man would make as good a companion as one not quite so absorbed in thought? for, I suppose, still men think more deeply. You may think me foolish, dear Jenny, for asking so many curious questions, but you know that I have always been happy, and as you are my senior, and have had four years' experience in that (to me, yet untried) relation called marriage, I wish to know your views of the probability of my enjoyments of, or in, that relation. My promised description of Mr. Jones will be brief. He is rather small (not puny, however), has light eyes, but bright ones, brown hair, good complexion, &c.; but this you will care little for, unless the last five years have changed you much. His sentiments upon public questions are good so far as I know. He is temperance, anti-slavery, and reformatory. His religious principles are, according to his own account, better than his practice. His landlady says he is a very kind man. I have used up my time, and must say good-by. Please answer at your first leisure.

Best wishes from your cousin.

Lv.

WESTFIELD, N. Y. *July, 185-*.

DEAR LUCY:—I last night returned from a two weeks' tour among the rocks and hills of old Connecticut, which fifteen years ago was our home, as you well know, and foremost among the letters awaiting me I found one from yourself. Had I been at home upon the arrival of that letter, Lu, I should have been tempted to send you that old copy of the Gazette, containing said dissertation, to punish you for never writing one word of uncle, aunt, or cousins save yourself. But your patience is doubtless nearly spent, and I will endeavor to answer your questions as nearly as I can. I believe in learning to love, most certainly, for in this country, the men do the choosing, *i. e.*, when it comes to words, and it is quite improbable that one female in five, if the choice had been hers, would have chosen her own chooser. I agree in the abstract with the writers to whom you allude, and yet think their proposition too sweeping, for as some love before marriage, and for lack of return have that love turned to hatred after; so may not one esteem before marriage, and have that esteem, because well-founded, ripen into love when more closely united? Will you smile if I tell you that I have learned to love thus? Did. Not that I did not love, and fondly too, but I did sometimes wish that George was a little easier in his manners, a little more attentive, in fact, a little more like Charley M——, to whom you alluded. I see clearly now that my real husband is far superior to my ideal one, and in this knowledge I am blest. It might, perhaps, cause a look of surprise upon the face of many a staid married woman were she to read the letters which passed between here and Connecticut during my absence. They were written under the injunction which George's comical brother gave us on our marriage day, "to always keep courting." And by this I do not mean silly love-letters, filled up with nonsensical terms of endearment, and with flattery and gossip; but mes-

sages of heartfelt interest in each other's welfare, and transcribed pages from the inner life. And, by the way, Lu, if you contemplate marrying, get, if possible, far enough away to hold a correspondence, however short. If you get a good sensible letter, one that shows earnest thought, and a little originality thrown in is excellent, and if the daily life corresponds with the professed sentiments, then you have one firm ground for a hopeful future; but if, on the contrary, you get a letter like that which I described as silly, and which, moreover, has a mixture of bad grammar and poor orthography, and, moreover, shows that the writer must have nearly exhausted his subject, you may better keep your love for a worthier object. As to your next question, my impression is, that if enlightened judgment control the actions, it makes but little difference whether the tastes are similar or no. If there is selfishness on either side, there must be sources of grievance, for we have, none of us, any right to be selfish, and, if on the contrary, all be open, honest, and true, the strongest opposites may agree to disagree, and enjoy quiet happiness. Nay, I sometimes think of the two it is better to be unlike than like. It enlarges our views, gives us more zest in our particular spheres, and oftentimes causes persons thus thrown together to appreciate peculiarities of character, which, under other circumstances, might ever have seemed unpleasant, perhaps repulsive. In that fine story of the Scarboroughs, by the author of *Susy L. Diary*—a story which I recommend to you as one of great merit—she makes her hero, Esq. Paul, say, "Appreciation is better without congeniality than congeniality without appreciation." I am convinced plainly, dear L., that the number is beyond computation of fretted husbands and wives, whose lives are embittered by being misunderstood and misjudged; whose faults are seen as through a magnifying glass, and whose virtues, as through the same

inverted. I remember that I used to fancy how much I should have George read to me, in the long winter evenings, when we were alone. It was but a fanciful dream which never came to pass. He seldom reads a loud word, save in the morning service, and yet it is not selfishness which prompts his refusal. I am thankful now, as I see him devouring whole sentences at a glance, and then going forth to his labor, or busy with some mechanical device, or mapping out a plan for future operations, or engaged in any of the thousand occupations which ever—ever keep him busy, that, instead of wasting his hours in fostering my laziness, he said to me, "Jenny, love, have you ever read the story of the wealthy gentleman who fell out with his servant because he did not blow his (the master's) nose after applying the handkerchief? If I supply you with books and papers, and then employ my time in useful occupation, will you not press your own bright eyes into the service, and spare me?" I suppose some would find fault with him for refusing at all, but I never could find fault with one who is consistent, and George can never wait to be read to. * * * *

I think the chances for happiness in parties whose ages are unlike, depends upon what they were married for. Physiologists claim that a man should be seven years his wife's senior. I heed this claim but little, and yet think that women are usually older for their years than men, and consequently think that sometimes a young woman may be a fit companion for an older man, especially if he be one who has kept his heart young. Do you remember Nellie Osgood, who refused Charley M—— point blank, to the utter astonishment of the whole town, and afterward married Dr. Somers, who was fifteen years older than herself? Well, Nellie, with her quiet good sense, which we had always given her credit for before that refusal, proved herself an adept at reading human nature, for

she receives every day a greater wealth of affection than M——'s wife does in a year. If you ever visit W. again, I will take you to the two homes, and prove my words true.

Of my views upon the subject of marrying an older person for the sake of their *shoes*, as the saying is, (*i. e.*, their money), you are well aware. It is worse than foolishness.

I conclude by your last question, that the *Esq.* is not inclined to be talkative! Have you learned this from his friends or from your own experience during those *sittings* to which you refer? But no matter, for I suppose you are well informed. I think still men are good, bad, or indifferent, just as handsome men are, according to circumstances, or rather, to their natures. A sullen stillness, or a pursy one, or a stupid one, are miserable bores, but a *busy* stillness I like.

Your own judgment will have to be the guide after all, Coz, for a dissertation from me containing six sheets instead of two would not tell you whether you are to be happy or no. George says that he never pities a man who gets a poor wife one particle, for they might have found out who they were getting beforehand, but I cannot say as much for my sex quite, although I had such good luck, that I sometimes think nearly so. You had ought to have asked me several questions about wifely duties, &c., but perhaps you are "*au fait*" on that side the question. Please take your wedding trip this way and I will criticise your old man. (Pardon me the expression.) Yours ever,

JENNY

MUSIC.

Amid the golden gifts which Heaven
Has left, like portions of its light, on earth.
None hath such influence as music hath.
The painter's hues stand visible before us
In power and beauty; we can trace the
thoughts
Which are the workings of the poet's mind:
But music is a mystery, and viewless
Even when present.

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

WHEN I saw one after another rise and ask to be prayed for, I wanted to follow their example; but I was too obstinate to give it up that way. I fought and held out, day after day, until one day about a week after my steady attendance, a mild-faced old man who sat near me, and who I supposed had observed my trouble and distress of mind, spoke to me, asking if I did not desire the prayers of the congregation in my behalf. My first impulse was to insult him for meddling with other people's affairs, but his face was so kind, and so meek, that my wickedness died out of me, and bursting into tears I cried—"Pray! pray! Oh, pray for me! I've been trying a week, and cannot pray for myself." They prayed for me fervently and I listened humbly, trying to help them. I went home feeling worse than ever—not so rebellious—but despairing like, and cast down. My life had been one of sin for so long, it seemed impossible for God to forgive me,—for Jesus to wash me white by his blood. I did not see how it could be done. I was on my knees nearly all night. The next day I went back, I looked as miserable as I felt. The congregation prayed for me—they asked the Lord to take away my burden and assure me that though my sins had been as scarlet they should be made white like wool. All of a sudden the change came. There was a great light about me, sparks of fire as it were floated in the air,—I felt a rush of joy that made me dizzy, and I fell powerless on the floor. They raised me up, and in a minute or two I began to see again, and to shout the praise of the Lord. My tongue was loosed; I know not where I found words; I confessed my sins, I cried that Jesus Christ had atoned for them—that I was among the redeemed. I shouted aloud in the fullness of my joy. I

felt strangely. Some wept, but I only laughed and sang. I was a new creature; Satan had beat a retreat and left the Lord the conqueror in the field. I had no more doubts; but went away from the meeting in a tranquil frame of mind.

All the rest of the week I remained assured of the grace that had been given me; sometimes I was in an ecstasy—at all times I was happy—happier than I had ever been in my life. My heart was continually crying—Glory to God! I remembered the prayers of my long-forgotten mother, and cried to her, to heaven, that they were answered. On Sunday I was baptized, and partook of the body and blood of my blessed Saviour. How sweet was the feast! I trembled with my feelings, but after all was over, felt calm and happy again.

I soon sought to let you know of my new state. I thought it would give you pleasure to hear it,—besides, I could not rest until I had asked your pardon. Ah, Miss Martha, I wonder now how you can find it in your heart to forgive me."

"Do not mention it again, Mr. Reynard; it is past. I cannot tell you how sincerely glad I am to hear of your new prospects; I hope that you may be given grace to continue to the end."

"Amen! the Lord grant it! And now I believe that faith without works is nothing! I've made you and your's lots of trouble. I don't consider myself really entitled to any more of your father's Chicago real estate than will cover the loan I made him. It's true, the mortgage was foreclosed, but I gave him no chance to redeem it. Now, it's my wish to transfer that real estate to you, to make out a deed of it in your name, as a small compensation for the sickness and trouble I've caused you. Now, pray, don't object, don't, Miss Martha!"

"Mr. Reynard, I hardly know whether—"

"But I know what my duty is; you must allow me to be the judge in this case, seeing I only want to do right, and ease my conscience. In fact, I've had the deed made out, I've signed it, its registered, and here it is, a wedding present to you, hoping you'll find some time a man that's worthy of you."

Tears came into the blue eyes of the young girl.

"I'm deeply touched and gratified, as well as thankful, Mr. Reynard."

"I haven't felt so well satisfied in a long time, Miss Martha."

"And now, if you will not feel hurt, Mr. Reynard, I should like to return you a package I have made up, of the expensive presents which I received from you, and which I have no right nor wish to retain."

"Indeed, Miss Livingstone, I do not see why you should not keep them. I've nobody else to give 'em to, and I think you'll acknowledge they're not just the kind of trinkets for a man to be wearing."

His manner was so humble and deprecating that Martha hardly knew what further to urge, though she felt reluctant to keep things which could only remind her of an unhappy episode in her life.

"Keep them to remind you of how great a sinner has been converted," he continued. "By the way, Miss Martha, can you tell me any thing about that girl who sprang up so like a spirit the night that—that I saw you last? I've thought much about her lately, and I'd like to inquire her out. She's an uncommon girl."

"She is indeed," replied Martha. "Why would you like to find her?"—she was still a little loth to trust the entire good will of a man so depraved as this had been.

"I gathered from her words and looks, that night, a little assistance, coming from a friendly hand, would do her no harm. Not that I wish to offer her charity—she's too proud for

that, any one may see. But a present, now—something substantial that will help her along, and make her comfortable for life. I'm rich, and ought to be making atonement for the past. She's spirited, and smart, and overworked. I'd like to set her up in some good business."

"That is a noble thought, Mr. Reynard," continued Martha, with sparkling eyes. "I know that she deserves your kindness as highly as any one upon whom you can bestow it."

"I'd like to make you the agent in the affair, if it would not be too much trouble. Supposing you call upon her to-night, and ascertain, as women have ways of doing—they're cunning creatures—what you think will please her best, and then I'll be able to make my calculations with more certainty of pleasing."

Martha readily promised this, and soon after her visitor retired. Wonder at the exceeding change which his conversion had already effected in his character, for a time almost drove out the tide of sweet and blissful thoughts which swelled in her happy heart. She was made very much at her ease by the gift from Mr. Reynard, which would enable them to preserve the homestead and fully and instantly cancel all claims against her father. How happy she was! how bright the future looked! She did not fail to sink upon her knees, when she returned to her chamber, and thank the All-Father for having removed the thorns from her path and made the crooked places straight. She longed to have Ralph return, that she might communicate the wonderful news.

He did return at dusk, to find her brilliant and elate, and to listen to her little history of the events of the day. He was surprised to hear of the character of Mr. Reynard's visit, and in consideration of his present repentance, almost forgave him the past.

"Are you not glad that you did not kill him, as you threatened?" laughed Martha. "The Lord has taken his case in hand and attended to it much

more wisely than you could have done."

"'Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord.' Mercy is his, too. Well, dearest, I will confess that it is much better, as you say."

"You will go with me, of course, to help me do my errand with Eleanor?" she asked, when tea was removed.

He assented, and they went to surprise the inmates of the humble home, who had not expected again to see them. They were received with the cordiality which their kindness had inspired. They found another guest there, Martin Morris having come to spend the evening. Mr. Irving was pleased with the young man, and soon got into a friendly and interesting conversation with him. He found him to be a very intelligent, thoughtful person, with well-developed views of his own, and the power of gracefully defending them. Ralph had always sought and preferred the society of these quiet, self-trained men, to that of the ephemera of what is habitually called society. He met Mr. Morris upon terms of equality, and conceded to him all that was his. Mrs. Strong joined much in the conversation, while the two girls had rather drawn aside, to talk in low voices together, after the fashion of young maidens. By the time that ten o'clock came, Mr. Irving had found out the business and late losses of the book-keeper, and that his dream of the future—that Arcadian dream, which, in one shape or another, haunts all youthful hearts, until hope deferred kills hope—was to emigrate West, to own land and a home of his own. It did not take any extraordinary degree of shrewdness to furthermore discover, that the image which haunted that ideal and impossible home was that of the broad-browed, bright-eyed girl sitting opposite, upon whom the lover's glances continually rested with a yearning sadness.

That the girl returned this hopeless yet deep and deathless passion, on

stolen glance which she fixed upon the book-keeper betrayed to the watchful guest—a look of love, wild, desolate, and absorbing, and unperceived by any but Ralph's furtive eyes.

The visitors arose to go.

"Are you engaged to that clever young gentleman?" whispered Martha, smilingly, in her friend's ear.

"No!—and never expect to be," was the brief, cold reply.

What was Martha's delight and surprise, to receive, the next morning, a visit from Aunt Randolph.

"I've come down to straighten up matters for you, foolish children," she said, with her benevolent smile. "You've neither father nor mother here, and you must mind me instead. You and Ralph must be married. Ay! blush, its very becoming to young girls—a rosy blush is. He's been writing to ask my advice—told me he would prefer an immediate marriage, but hardly dared propose it to you,—wished me to electioneer for him. Now, I'm no friend of early marriages; I think you too young, by several years, to become a wife; but since matters stand as they do, and a long and lonely separation may ensue, if you are not married,—why, 'between two evils choose the least.' Let us see how quickly you can prepare yourself. Come! no tears! I shall be suspicious that they are crocodiles' tears, for you look as bright as a rose in the morning dew."

"But, dear Aunt, I'm so—so—it's so sudden—"

"I know it, my love—it is sudden, but I hope you will be never the less happy. God bless you, Martha, is my prayer. There, my dear, calm yourself, and I will go with you to buy the wedding-dress."

The consequences of this unexpected dialogue were, that Eleanor Strong was summoned a few hours later to come and sew upon the bridal robe. Martha herself aided in making it, for they would give her but three or four days for preparation. The words of the two girls were almost as light and

merry as the stitches they set in the snowy silk; for Martha was very happy, and Eleanor shared sympathetically in her joy, shutting down the dark prospects of her own life deep in her heart.

"It never rains but it pours." Upon Eleanor's return home, the second day of the sewing, she took with her a letter, superscribed to her address, in a large, uncouth hand, which had been handed her by Martha just before she tied on her bonnet. She was impatient to know what it meant; but found tea waiting, and sat down to the table before she opened it. When the meal was over, she took it from her pocket.

"Here is something, mother, let us guess what it contains."

"If it came from your new friends, it can hardly contain any thing evil, so let us hope it is something good."

"I'm sure I have not the slightest idea what to expect—I dread to break the seal—it seems as if it was something of importance."

With rather unsteady fingers Eleanor opened the envelope and found a letter and two other pieces of writing—she looked first at the letter, which read:—

"MISS ELEANOR STRONG:—Please accept the inclosed from your friend and well-wisher. I once appeared before you in rather an unfavorable light; but I've got religion, and humbly hope my heart is changed. All I ask of you is, to make your good fortune, if you think it such, known to a certain young man named Martin Morris, of whom I have heard a good report. He'll be apt to sympathize with you. With many wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity, and asking the blessing of the Lord upon you, I am your respectful friend and admirer,
JACOB REYNARD."

"And what do you think the inclosures are, mother?" exclaimed Eleanor, in a flurried voice, while her face flushed with excitement, after looking at them a moment. "The first is a deed giving me three hundred and fifty acres of land in one of the most beautiful and flourishing parts of Iowa, set forth as being well watered, timbered, being partially inclosed and

improved, and having upon it a log cabin. The next is a draft for five hundred dollars, upon the Artisans Bank—enough to enable us to emigrate, and buy such farming implements as will be necessary to do the work with. Ah, mother, who shall say that God ever forgets his children? He tries us sometimes to see of what temper we are made; but His goodness is boundless. Jacob Reynard! this is indeed a miracle!"

"For which we will thank Heaven all the days of our lives."

"Oh, mother—I am overcome by our good fortune."

"Who will you have though, to cultivate this splendid farm for you?" asked Mrs. Strong, as a smile gave her words more meaning.

Not a word answered Eleanor, but arose, and sat by the window, lost in a trance of bewildering dreams, such as had not visited her soul for years. She looked into the future and saw—long reaches of meadow land, fringed with stately trees waving their branches in the golden light of sunset; a stretch of upland, with rounded hills rising like billowy crests of the emerald sea, green with beauty—between the openings of these hills, a lake stretching away in long lines of rosy ripples—near by, upon a gentle rise of ground, a modest cabin, overrun with clambering wild roses and honeysuckles—a beloved mother sitting by the fragrant curtain of the window, a happy child shouting under the shade of the oak-tree close by the spring, a young wife standing in the door, with wistful eyes looking off over the field of undulating wheat, for a form that comes bounding lightly over the stile, approaching with a cheery face and a loving, cordial greeting. What a vision was that for the soul of a toil-worn, care-worn, poverty-stricken New York seamstress. Let us hope that it may yet be realized to the sweetest and fullest possibility.

Even while she dreamed, Martin Morris came in. Could it be that her spirit had drawn him by unseen influ-

ences within its sphere, and impelled him to come and find out the joy which was in store for him. He made an apology for calling again so soon.

"You are welcome," said Eleanor. "I have very extraordinary news to communicate," and she handed him the letter and the inclosures.

"I have felt that this good fortune would some time come to you," he replied, after musing several minutes over the communication; "it seemed as if you would not be permitted to do so much good, yet go unrewarded. Yet I have, of late days, despaired, and been more bitter than I ought. Now, Eleanor, I can congratulate you with all my heart, and assure you that I shall be a more contented man since you are prospered. I shall no longer regard my own narrow means as so pitiful. A stranger has done for you what I would have done."

"You have been my friend in need, Martin," said Eleanor, in a soft voice, "and I shall never enjoy one day of my prosperity unless I can also make it advantageous to you. You have wished to go West—you think your health suffers from your close and confining occupation—you shall have the management of my farm, and half, at least, of the profits."

Let not the modest reader infer that Eleanor wished to propose, in this round-about way, for the hand and heart of Martin Morris. She knew perfectly well that he loved her, and had loved her for years, and that only his poverty and her responsibilities had kept him silent. She saw at once, that one of his delicate and honorable mind would shrink from coming out with a proposal which he had so long withheld, just at a time when it might seem entirely selfish and mercenary. With the candor of all genuine natures, she preferred to give him an opportunity which he might improve, or not, as he felt. Without committing herself in the least to any maidenly impropriety, she would remove from him some of the embarrassment of his situation.

"You are too generous, Eleanor."

"There is no generosity between friends. I shall not wish to manage so large a farm alone, and if you do not accept the offer I shall have to employ somebody else"—and a little, sly, provoking smile, which the girl sometimes hal, danced about her lips and eyes.

Martin looked earnestly into her face—so earnestly that she blushed.

"I do not wish to seem eager and selfish, Eleanor; but you know that I could not live so near you, have so many interests in common, and not desire more."

Her head drooped lower, and her lip trembled.

"If I go with you, it must be as your husband. Otherwise I had rather stay where my solitude and obscurity will nevermore be mocked by hopes such as your womanhood has aroused in me."

"Martin, you read my heart long ago, I believe."

"And it is mine! Dear Eleanor! how often have I longed to call you so, yet dared not. Let me say it now, dear Eleanor!"

He secured the hand which rested on the table, the little hand brown with toil, and pressed it to his lips.

"Ah, wilt thou love my hand, dear,
To lay along in thine?
Like a little stone in a running brook
It seems to lay and pine—"

"Let drop the poor, pale hand, dear, unfit to mate with thine!"—so said Elizabeth Barritt, and I humbly echo her. "My hand is hardly fair enough for a wedding-ring, Martin."

"And a thousand times more precious is it to me on that account. Every ache and pain of it, every weary day of labor, has the more endeared it," and he pressed it to his heart, that she might feel the strong vibration of the emotions which stirred him.

Mrs. Strong had been putting little Constance to bed. She now came out, and saw at a glance how matters stood, for Martin still clung to the

timid hand which would fain have withdrawn itself.

"May I call you mother?" he asked, as she took her seat near—"Eleanor has said that I may some time call her wife."

She looked into the glowing, manly face, whereon was no shadow of shame, dissipation, or avarice, and felt that she had found a son and not lost a daughter. Smiling back his eager, joyous smile, she answered—"God bless you, my children. It makes me happy to see your happiness. If a mother's commendation is of worth, as I think you will esteem it, know that I regard you both as worthy of all the blessings you can attain."

CHAPTER XVII.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die;
But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was Easter Sabbath of the present year, a bright, beautiful day. Amid all the interesting ceremonials of that day, there were none more so than those which took place in a certain church upon a well-known avenue. The altar, the font, the reading desk, the communion table, were profusely adorned with Easter flowers. Roses and japonicas, with many other rare and costly blossoms, the choicest of generous conservatories, made the whole air of the church heavy with delicious perfume.

Before the service, which preceded the baptismal rites and communion service, a wedding party appeared before the altar, and two couples were united in marriage. The brides had dresses and bonnets alike; and though many of the partially-assembled congregation knew the radiantly beautiful faces of Martha Livingstone and her bridegroom, Mr. Irving—none knew the other noble-looking couple with whom they stood. After the marriage benediction was pronounced, they retired to a pew, as little exposed

to the curious gaze as possible; remaining through the sermon, and listening with reverent attention to the discourse.

Amid those who came forward to be confirmed were both the brides. Removing their bonnets they bowed their beautiful heads solemnly to receive the laying on of hands. The same day that they took upon themselves the vows of earthly love, they spiritualized and solemnized their new relation, by taking upon themselves also the vows of the church.

Aunt Randolph, Mrs. Strong, and Jacob Reynard were with the bridal party, who, one and all, with the exception of little Constance, partook of the communion. With affections thus sanctified and hopes thus attested, who shall doubt but that these unions will be as happy as it is in the nature of the perishable relations of earth to become?

It was a memorable and beautiful occasion,—not the least so among the many which the past winter has called forth. The feet of these young beginners have yet a long journey to go, and they may find rough and thorny places, wild rocks and threatening mountain-paths, even as they have already found; yet if the love of God be in their hearts, and not the selfishness of the world—if they find the peace which Christ, the Comforter, left to his beloved ones, before he went to his crown of thorns and cruel cross—if they grow in the grace and glory of a truly Christian life—it will matter but little in the eternal ordering of things, whether a few more or less transient shadows lay across their pathways here. Peace be with them, and the blessing of the All-Father.

[THE END.]

TRUE LOVE.—True love is a natural sacrament; and if ever a young man thanks God for having saved what is noble and manly in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves.

A STRING OF GOOD THINGS; OR, FRUITS FROM THE FRESHEST FIELDS.

IN looking over some old documents, we have fallen upon a chapter of the old laws of the Massachusetts colony. Some of the enactments are so unjust and impolitic, that we of this day are led to wonder, what kind of people the early Puritans really were. Here are some of the enactments which were enforced until long after the time when Roger Williams was "banished" for persisting in his non-conformity:—

"None shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath, or fasting-day.

"If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the magistrates.

"Whoever shall profane the Lord's day by doing unnecessary work, by unnecessary traveling, or by sports and recreations, he or they who so transgress shall forfeit forty shillings, or be publicly whipped; but if it shall appear to have been done contumaciously, such person or persons shall be put to death, or otherwise severely punished at the discretion of the Court.

"No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting."

This, certainly is not the spirit of our day Christianity, and a blessed thing it is not; for such intolerance would deluge the land in revolution and blood. What other time than the holy Sabbath do our men of business have in which to "kiss their wives," ramble with their children in the garden, and thus enjoy the blisses of home? O unwise Cotton Mother!

In a late most admirable paper, by Henry Giles, we find the following somewhat singular, though striking passage. He is alluding to the "noti-

ces of new books" which form so important a feature in our daily and weekly newspapers. Mr. Giles writes of the critical expression:—

"We who live in distant villages take the puff in its literal signification, and cry aloud for joy, that a new book is born into the world. Fools that we are, not to be aware that a grandly new book would be a birth to glorify a Nation or a Century! But then the puff of the dead book gives it, to us in our remoteness, a sort of life. There is a theory, which one might call 'Moral Astronomy'—that maintains the possibility of your smallest deeds becoming known to you in the more distant stars. Now suppose that one had just published a book, and died while reading the glorification of Jenkins, he would rush from star to star, with full persuasion that he had left on earth, behind him—an eternal name. Tomkins, indeed, might a few hours after, demolish it in a slashing article, but the author would be millions of orbits away before the report of it could reach him—indeed, it could never reach him—and through all the universe, the author would be carrying with him the sense of an immortal fame, which, after all, was but an illusion left by the lie of Jenkins. And yet it was merely a chance, that he was not made everlastingly miserable, by possibly the deeper lie of Tomkins. In far-off villages we are to books in almost this astronomical relation. They are often dead, gone, and in their graves forgotten before we have knowledge of their birth; and by the time such knowledge comes to us, we are thrown into bitter quarrels about their literary merits, when they are quietly reposing in oblivion."

What a capital thrust is this humorous illustration at that theory of speculative theologians who preach the "Moral Astronomy" referred to!

No person is better qualified to judge of an abstract question than Henry Giles. His estimate of the

late Sir William Hamilton is so admirable, and the characterization is so complete that we cannot resist the impulse to quote:—

“Sir William Hamilton’s is one of those great minds whose influence and power immeasurably surpass their mere quantum of production. They are not to be judged by quantity, but by quality—not so much by what they teach as by what they suggest—not by what they communicate—but by what they inspire and excite. To such order belonged Bacon, Newton, Pascal, Kant, Spinoza; and, copious writers though they were,—also, Plato and Aristotle: in fact, to such order belongs every original, profound, or creative mind,—whatever be its kind or mode of revelation. In reading his ‘Lectures,’ one is at the same time, not only learning to think, but how to express thought; not only studying a particular system and philosophy, but gaining knowledge of philosophy universally, both in its history and its literature. Hamilton had an art, that was all his own, of uniting copiousness with compression. Compression in Kant, though admirably lucid—is yet so intense, as to tire the most vigorous attention; copiousness in Fichte—though involving a marvelous genius of analysis, yet often perplexes and obscures his meaning. Hamilton seems to have the compression of Kant, but with a faculty of illustration, anecdote, and incident, that relieves attention, while it enables the mind more thoroughly to grasp the subject: he seems to have the copiousness of Fichte, but with a clearness of vision so distinct, and with a chain of reasoning so unbroken, that the clue of thought is never lost in a labyrinth of phrases. How often in reading Kant does one long for the author to expand and exemplify—how often in reading Fichte does one long for the author to condense and to define. Such longings never arise in reading Hamilton—because they are always anticipated.”

Lectures upon popular subjects are

fast becoming a great instrument of progress in knowledge. People, now-a-days, have too little time to keep pace with the wonderful strides making in all departments of science and physics, and prefer to depend upon the popular lecturer or essayist, rather than to resort to books and reports and “papers” for the necessary information. This fact is calling into the field many accomplished scholars and investigators, who thus become instructors in a truly cosmopolitan sense. Thus Prof. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, delivered many lectures upon Astronomy and Telescopic Discovery, in this city, last winter, drawing immense audiences. It is fair to say, he did more for the real enlightenment of the people than a thousand “new books,” or a host of college tutors could have accomplished. In Europe the lecturer is a most important personage. There much of the best tuition is imparted, in Law, Medicine, Literature, and the various departments of science, from the lecture rostrum. It will be thus in this country ere long. Our people have become tired of the mere talk of the professional lecturer who travels the country over, repeating everywhere, for fifty dollars per night, his skim-milk fancies or opinions upon subjects which really have no value in themselves for the people—which bear about the same relation to the lectures by Professor Mitchell and the European doctors referred to, that their milk does to the richest, sweetest cream. We think it can be safely said, that the day of these genteel talkers of small matters has gone by—that the day of a wiser, more thoroughly educated class has come.

Speaking of lectures, we may give this paragraph from Dr. Reid’s *Smithsonian discourses*. Referring to the causes of the deterioration of health, and the necessity for more thorough ventilation, in our houses and public buildings, he says:—

“The general condition and health of the people is greatly influenced by

the air they breathe, and this, in the course of time, affects the appetite; then the health gives way rapidly from the combined influence of bad air and want of nourishment. The low tone of the constitution induces a craving for unwholesome stimuli which affects the system still more powerfully. There are but few questions connected with the material well-being of man more important than that of improving the condition of the dwellings of the people. It is every day becoming more and more a moral, a religious, and a political, as well as a physical question. Many are driven to the very extremes of socialism in its most repugnant forms as often from the want of proper habitations as from any other cause. If the family system and the home circle are essential to the foundation of a nation's prosperity and happiness, then too much importance can not be attached to the improvement of the habitations of the people. Wherever the laws, the institutions, the state of morals and religion, and the resources of a country lead to their being carefully made, the effects are manifest in the external aspect of the people, to say nothing of the many other blessings that flow from this source. But let them look to the other picture, and there it will be seen that if this object be neglected, whether from defective legislation, imperfect adaptation, or careless and indifferent landlords and proprietors, vice and intemperance are certain to mark the results."

This subject of ventilation deserves more attention than it has yet received, from the intelligent classes in this country. Attention has been somewhat directed to the subject, and much toward correcting the evils of construction in buildings; but very much remains yet to be done, and lecturers must be the instruments of the reform, since the great majority of people will not read on the subject, while they are perfectly willing to be talked to, and will adopt good suggestions very readily.

HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

III.

WITH regard to the control of children, there can be no rule by which all can be governed alike. Health, temperament, disposition, each affect the behavior of the child, and should be considered in its management. Children of excitable temperament (and this is now by far the largest class), require greater wisdom in their training than others. Their over-active minds and delicate bodies, are truly a serious care to those who have the rearing of them. *Example* is the best of teachers, as the infant is purely imitative in its nature: and here, let me impress it upon parents, that faults of their own are reflected in their offspring, and although it may be necessary to punish those faults, the necessity might be avoided by a proper self-control in the majority of cases. Qualities go by inheritance it is true; but many more are gained by household education. If you wish to have sons and daughters excellent in every characteristic, exhibit that excellence in your own conduct daily.

Children are very apt to look upon their parents as perfection in all things, and woe to that parent who discovers to the little confiding mind so palpable a deformity, as to be perceived by it. There can be no greater humiliation on one side, or grief and disappointment on the other. If you have forbidden a child to do an action, no matter how insignificant, be careful that it does not find you doing the same thing, and thereby have its sense of justice outraged, except, of course, in such cases as where the reason of the difference can be explained.

The writer was once teaching a little fellow to feed himself at table. Childlike, he put in his food as fast as he could, and in very large mouthfuls. I took great pains to show him the proper size of a mouthful, such as he should take, using the expression "do not stuff your mouth." Happening to have him at table with myself one

day, not long afterwards, I was surprised to see him watching me with an expression of *outraged confidence* on his baby face, and laying down my knife and fork, I smiled and asked him what was the matter. "Ee stuff ee mouf!" replied the little fellow in so grieved a voice that I could not refrain from laughing; for I instantly comprehended that he had been comparing the size of my mouthfuls with those I had instructed him to take. So soon do children begin to criticise and compare.

Be careful about showing irritation of temper, for there is no habit so catching. If the mother of a family is a scold, or fault-finder, ten chances to one if every child she has does not turn out a scold and fault-finder; not only making themselves miserable, but sending out ever-widening circles of misery into the families they shall raise, and they after them. Women have a good excuse for irritability in their sensitive organization, and strength so often over-taxed: but when the injury done by indulgence is so great, it is worth while to try the length of your endurance.

Beware of making uncharitable remarks about your friends or neighbors in the presence of children. It is a peculiarity of these little folks to like gossip about their elders, and I have seen children sit hours in the house to listen to the conversation of their parents and neighbors when it was of a personal character, who would otherwise have been happily at play. The effect of such conversations on their inexperienced minds is to give them very incorrect and unhappy notions of persons and things, and an anecdote treasured up in this way has often been of great injury, not only to the child who judged wrongly, but through the child to others whom it influenced, as well as the person judged.

Do not suffer a child to be made afraid of any thing. Fear is not only undignified, but a source of the greatest discomfort to the possessor; and do not teach children to doubt your

word by promising them any thing which you do not perform, whether it be a favor or a punishment. *Their* minds are not so occupied with business that they forget it, whatever it may be. They are, on the contrary, expecting you to keep your word, unless you show them by your conduct that you make promises without intending to keep them; thereby learning them to place no confidence in what you say, and teaching them a lesson of equal untruthfulness. Neither, when you command a child, use a great many words, but remember to speak pleasantly though firmly, as if you did not doubt its instant obedience. Such a manner will nearly always insure obedience; but if, for some peculiar reason, it fails, *insist* upon being obeyed promptly, in the same calm, kind, and firm manner. Almost the whole secret of securing the respect and cheerful obedience of children lies in that one neglect of parents, arising from carelessness. They imagine it easier to have an occasional battle with a child to subdue its temper when it has got beyond the bounds of reasonable endurance, than every day, and all the time to require just the same respect of authority, which in time becomes a habit, and the child is insensible to any restraint, and of course happier than when half the time indulged and half the time restricted in proportion.

Let no mother forget that she is responsible for the happiness of the children she brings into the world. Let her endeavor to cultivate in them such tempers, motives, habits, and principles as shall secure that happiness, not only by making them beloved and respected by others, but peaceful and contented within themselves.

To preserve their health is the first duty, and after that to teach them usefulness, virtue, self-respect, and cheerfulness. The latter is of much greater importance than most parents perceive. A cheerful, self-reliant disposition is a greater gift than a for-

tune, and it is never too early to begin to inculcate it in the infant mind. Do not allow a child to dwell upon a hurt or grievance of any kind, but by lively, hopeful, or playful remark teach it to regard the accident as of no serious importance. A child will frequently laugh instead of crying, if, instead of making a great ado over some little bump it has received, you affect to pity the floor or the table or whatever it has come into collision with. Its mirthfulness is excited by the ludicrousness of the idea, which it quickly perceives, and the trouble is forgotten. Never forget the real good of the child in the pleasure you yourself experience in lavishing pity and tenderness upon it: but mix up with these endearments wholesome lessons of patience and content, or, if need be, of endurance.

DR. E. L. ST. JOHN.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

"WILL you go into the cars, and wait, or sit here in the depot till we are ready to start."

"Take me into the cars, papa," was answered in such a pleasant voice, that my attention was immediately turned to the speakers, while waiting for my own ticket.

In them I recognized the face of a partial acquaintance, one whom I had often met on the cars, whose business daily took him into the city, and now he held by the hand "*his Charlie*," a mild, blue-eyed boy of six summers, who had been in to spend the day with grandma and cousins.

Ticket procured, the first one that met my eye as I entered the car was Charlie, alone on his seat. Something like half an hour passed away, all was bustle and jostle among the crowd within and without, and the car was well filled—all but *one seat*. Little Charlie still sat alone. No symptom of uneasiness was betrayed as he watched one after another come in. Many noticed the little fellow, seemingly wondering at his quiet demeanor,

for he looked like a timid child. Finally a gentleman who sat back of him said, in rather an alarming tone, "Where is your father, my boy?" But it did not alarm Charlie, there was no *trouble* expressed in the reply. "In the depot—he will be here before long." "But are you not afraid he will be *left*, hark! there is the bell."

A few moments more, and the conductor's well known, "all aboard!" "all aboard!" came sounding through the cars. "*There*," said the persistent, strange gentleman, "do you hear *that*? the conductor has shouted '*all aboard*,' and see, *we are moving*, we shall soon be off."

Dear child. We began in our own hearts to have fears that something had occurred to detain the father—that the alarm of the old gentleman was not altogether an idle one, though evidently persisted in, to try the courage of the little fellow. This time too, Charlie appeared a little disquieted, but starting, he took hold of his father's shawl, which hung across the seat, and said, in a confident voice: "No, he *will come*, for see he left his shawl, and *said* he would come back."

His *trust* was not to be disappointed, for when we were well under motion, the last one on was Charlie's father. The little trial had passed from that young heart. He did not say any thing, but his animated looks told better than words: "Did I not tell you he *would* come back, *my father would not leave me*."

I thought of the words of our blessed Saviour. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall not enter therein."

Many a trouble, many a hapless detention, from following the course we had worked out as the best,—many an ill we would have so gladly averted, if we had had the power to do so, comes to chill, and almost to paralyze us for the time being, yet, if we have the trust in our Heavenly Father, that little Charlie had in his earthly one, shall we ever doubt *Him*, or love Him less, for our trials?

We have many pledges of his love left us, earnest of the fulfillment of many a promise, as Charlie looked upon the "shawl," an assurance of remembrance which *could not* be mistaken.

JANE E. FOOTE.

THE CHILD ARTIST.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF WOLFGANG MOZART.

NEAR Prague, on the vine-clad hill of Kosoheez, at the foot of which the beautiful and rapid, but noisy waters of the Moldau river flow and lose themselves in the green forests of Bohemia, was built a modest mansion which had formerly belonged to Dunek.

In a narrow room of this small house were assembled together one evening a musician (who was an old organist of the chapel of Prague), his wife and two children, a little boy of six, and a little girl not quite eleven years old.

The most abject poverty seemed to have fallen upon this family. It was very cold, and not a spark of fire lit the hearth; the clothing of the children was still tolerably good, but the black coat worn by their father hung in tatters, their mother's gown was so worn out that it was impossible to conjecture of what material it had been originally made. Four straw-bottomed chairs, and a damaged spinnet formed the sole furniture of the room.

A mournful silence which each one seemed to fear to break, seemed to enchain one and all of this unhappy family. The mother spun her yarn listlessly; the father continued to read from a large volume, from the form of which it was easy to see that it was a Bible; the little girl knit at a woolen stocking, and the little boy, who for some time had been restlessly wandering round his father's chair, and surveying his mother and sister, pretending at the same time to make a loud noise, in order to attract their

attention, now sprung with an impatient bound toward the spinnet, climbed with considerable difficulty upon a stool which brought his arms on a level with the keys, and commenced playing.

He executed the gamut several times with a lightness of touch and a precision of which no one would have supposed so slight and frail a creature to be capable; then, suddenly becoming animated, from gamut he passed to the chords, and from chords to a sonata by Dussek, then, abandoning himself to his childish and capricious fancy, his little fingers flew over the board, striking each note with such force as to shake the window panes, and sometimes causing such expressive modulations that tears came into the eyes of those who listened.

The father ceased reading, the mother stopped her spinning, and the girl her knitting, to listen to this wonderful child.

"Come and kiss me! Come Master Wolfgang!" exclaimed the organist, with the enthusiasm of an artist and a father; "come here! Some of these days, with the help of God, you will be a great master, a great composer, a great man; poor child, why am I not richer to make you happy?"

"Tell me, father," said Wolfgang, growing bolder as his father caressed him; "when shall we have our supper, I'm so hungry?"

"Poor child," said his mother, in a voice of grief. She arose and went to a closet, took out a slice of bread and brought it to her son. "Eat this," said she, "eat it, for I have nothing else to give you."

"And what is sister to do?" demanded Wolfgang, taking the piece of bread.

"There's just such a slice as yours for her, if she should be hungry," answered the mother.

"And for you too, dear mamma?" inquired Wolfgang, still unsatisfied.

"For me, oh, I am not hungry," answered his mother.

"Isn't papa hungry?" asked the

child, whose features expressed a certain uneasiness.

"Your father, like me, is not hungry," answered the mother, who could not suppress her tears.

The little girl now dropped her work, ran to her mother, threw herself into her arms, and exclaimed, sobbing:

"There is no bread for papa and you, and that is the reason why you say you are not hungry! I am not hungry either, dear mamma!"

Little Wolfgang looked from his mother to his sister, and ceased eating his morsel of bread.

"No, my dearest girl, I am not hungry, I assure you; eat your bread in peace, my Frederica,"

"Well, I will do so, mother, on one condition—that you will share it with me."

"And I will share mine with papa," said Wolfgang, breaking his bread in half, and offering one piece to his father. "Take it, papa, take it!" exclaimed the child, stamping his little foot, "or so surely as I am named Wolfgang Mozart, I will not touch my half."

A tear fell from the poor organist upon the bread offered him by his son.

"Do as our children wish, wife," said he to the mother. "Oh, why am I so poor?"

"You are very poor then, papa?" asked Wolfgang, with touching simplicity.

"That is too true," said the musician's wife, with a sigh.

The organist resumed. "All my time have I consecrated to you two, my dear children, in the hope that one of these days you might be able to support yourselves."

"And you too, papa," interrupted the little Frederica.

"Sister," said Wolfgang, with a serious look which contrasted strangely with his childish face, and youthful accents, "since papa has worked for us until now, we must work for him in our turn."

"But you are too young—too little," said his father with emotion.

"Too little!" exclaimed Wolfgang, as if highly indignant at the observation of his father; "too little! I shall soon be as high as the piano!"

"Poor little love!" said the mother, passing her long and slender fingers through the light curls of her child's hair, "why, what could you do, so young and delicate as you are?"

"Papa, who knows, says that I am a fine player on the piano; well, then, I'll give music lessons!"

The father and mother smiled through their tears.

"And whom will you give lessons to; where will you find scholars as small as yourself?" said the mother of Wolfgang, kissing his forehead.

"I'll teach grown people; of course I will!"

"My brother is right," said Frederica. "Listen to me. The other day, walking with him near the great chateau that you see from the window, the lady of the castle called me, and asked me if we were the children of Mozart the organist. I said Yes; then she said, pointing to Wolfgang, this is, then, the little boy who plays so admirably on the piano? At your service, madam, answered my brother. After that, the lady begged us to go inside, and she urged Wolfgang to play on the piano—a splendid piano, papa, with golden flowers inlaid on the wood—and then the lady was so much pleased with Wolfgang's playing and mine, that she gave us a whole ducat—you know, mamma, I gave it to you."

"And you told me your adventure, my child," said Frederica's mother; "why do you repeat it now?"

"Oh! I know why," said Wolfgang; "if papa will let us, my sister and I will wander all over the country. We are pretty, especially Frederica. The lady of the castle said so. We will go everywhere. Everywhere they will make us play the piano, and give us ducats; we

will give them to you, and you will not be poor any more."

"I tell you wife, this is not a bad idea," said the organist, looking at the mother.

"But it will tire the children," answered the tender mother.

"It will, perhaps, tire Frederica, but I am not so easily fatigued. I have gone twenty times, at least, to-day, up and down the hill on which our house is built; and will begin again, if papa wishes."

"Oh!" said Frederica, "the happiness of being useful to my parents will prevent me from feeling tired."

"Poor creatures! no! I am not unhappy!" exclaimed Mozart, with a burst of feeling; "no! when God gives a man two angels like you, my children, that man can not call himself unhappy!"

"Leopold," said his wife, with an anxious look at her husband; "do you intend to turn into money the talents given to these poor little beings?"

"Why not, wife, if it be the will of Heaven?" answered Mozart.

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, mamma?" demanded little Wolfgang; "I am not afraid; I will go boldly into the parlor, I will take a seat at the piano, and you will see how I will play, and play, and play, until papa says it is time to stop."

"And when my brother is tired, I will take his place, mamma," said Frederica. "Oh! dear mamma, do not oppose our project; I will pray to God every morning and evening to give us strength to earn money for you, mamma."

"Yes! yes, dear mamma," said Wolfgang, caressing her; "you will see how good I shall be, and how much money I will earn. You have often told me that God protects obedient children; then He will protect us."

"See how weak he is," said the wife of Mozart, taking Wolfgang and beginning to undress him for bed; "see! and you would make him travel to earn his livelihood?"

"God is great, my dear wife," answered Mozart; "he gives strength to the weak, courage to the timid, and success to such as have faith in him; to-morrow I will set out with my children, wife, and when the sun rises to-morrow, we shall be far from here."

"The will of God be done," said the good mother.

* * * * *

One evening, at Vienna, there was a grand concert at the palace of the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa wife of the Emperor Francis I.

A most brilliant company had met together in the saloons; nothing was to be seen but plumes, diamonds, embroidered coats, and dazzling robes. Suddenly, to the great astonishment of everybody, a man dressed very simply, followed by two children, appeared at the door of the principal saloon.

The countenance of this man was respectful and modest, that of the children was bolder. They did not appear to be intimidated in the least by all the fine lords and gay ladies who surveyed them with curiosity.

"Is this the organist of whose wonderful children all Vienna is talking?" asked the Empress of the master of ceremonies.

"Yes, madam," answered he; "and I can assure your Majesty that there is nothing to equal them. I heard them yesterday evening at the French Ambassador's, where I had the honor to be invited. The little girl is astonishing, but the little boy is a perfect wonder."

"Let them begin," said the Empress.

The master of ceremonies requested Mozart to seat his children at the piano; the organist conducted them to the instrument, before which he seated both of them. The young Frederica was dressed in a white embroidered silk dress, and the little Wolfgang had a coat of like cloth with a vest of moire of the same color, both being embroidered with wide gold lace.

Frederica commenced. Her execution was so perfect, so brilliant, that every one was in ecstasies over the pale and delicate child; when she had finished, a concert of praise arose around her.

"That is nothing to what my little brother can do," said she to those who complimented her; and the young girl watched with maternal attention to see that her brother was well-seated at his ease, and so raised that his little arms should have full play.

Then the little boy, smiling on those around him, rested his little hands on the keys, and without effort, without appearing to doubt that his talents would excite general admiration, he let his little fingers run over the keys, and come and go. They seemed to play with the keys which they flew over, and drew each time from them pure, sonorous, sad, and harmonious sounds. All eyes were fastened on those little fingers, so agile, so delicate, and playing with so much expression; the most skillful leader of an orchestra could not have possessed to a greater degree, the knowledge of harmony and modulation. Admiration and interest filled every heart; the key-board was covered with a napkin, and the boy was so accustomed to the keys, that he played under the napkin with the same precision and rapidity. The Emperor, the Empress, and the whole Court were enchanted.

When Wolfgang stopped, out of breath, tired, and his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to come and kiss her; he got up to obey her, but made giddy by the lights and the praises of the crowd, and still stiff with having been seated so long, at the first step he slipped and fell. A young lady ran to him, and lifted him up.

"You have hurt yourself, poor little dear," said she with the utmost tenderness.

As if dashed by the beauty of the

lady, the child was silent for a moment, then recovering his voice, and pressing in his two pretty little hands the slender hand which had raised him, he exclaimed:

"You are very beautiful, madam, I want to marry you."

A burst of laughter greeted his words, but without being disconcerted, the boy resumed, "My name is Master Wolfgang Mozart; what is your name?"

"Mine is Marie Antoinette," answered the young lady, in a voice which went to the heart.

Alas! this woman whom the child Mozart chose so ingenuously, was the Archduchess of Austria, the future queen of France; the poor girl was not so fortunate as to be destined to become the wife of Mozart. Later, on the day when the great composer was publicly crowned and saluted by the applause of the whole population of Vienna, that very day the young and beautiful Marie Antoinette, the queen of France, the wife of Louis XVI., mounted a scaffold.

Such is fate. God holds it in His power, and hides it from humanity; but be it what it may, sad or happy, a good conscience consoles the unfortunate, or heightens the happiness which may be possessed.

But to return to our young hero, seated for the moment on the knee of the Empress, he received, from her royal hand, bonbons, flowers, and precious jewels.

"How warm he is!" said the Empress, wiping the brow of the little musician with a handkerchief of perfumed cambric; "you must be very tired, my little boy?"

"No, madam," said Wolfgang, chewing a sugar-plum, "I am so glad to please papa, that I never feel tired."

"Dear little soul!" answered the Empress; "you love your father very much, then?"

"Oh! madam, he is so good; he never scolds me."

"You must be a very good boy then?"

"Oh yes; but then it is so easy to be good; I have only to do as papa wishes, and then I am always good."

"But you must get very tired with playing on the piano."

"Well, sometimes it does not exactly amuse me; but my father says one must not do only what is amusing."

"Do you know that if you go on, you will be, one of these days, a great musician?"

"I hope so, madam; when I am grown up, I will write operas, grand operas. Oh! how happy papa would be if he could see his little son crowned."

"And you would be happy too."

"When papa is pleased, I am always happy."

By thinking thus, a young man is sure to make his way, and attain his aim. I have shown you Mozart as a little child, playing with marvelous facility, and the admiration of all Vienna; he went thus, with his father and sister, all over France, Italy, England, and Germany; everywhere he was admired; everywhere he obtained the most precious praises—those which his father addressed to him every evening, as he lay down to sleep, thanking God for having given him two such children as Wolfgang and Frederica.

At fifteen years of age Mozart, being at Milan, composed *Mithridates*, which obtained the most brilliant success.

Thus began Mozart. The little musician became a great man, and a great composer.

CHOICE SENTIMENTS.

In no work of the year have we found more real gems of thought, than in the new novel of Mrs. Stowe. We may be permitted to quote a few paragraphs:

THE FEARFULNESS OF LOVE.—What makes the love of a great mind something fearful in its inception is, that

it is often the unsealing of a hitherto undeveloped portion of a large and powerful being; the woman may or may not seem to other eyes adequate to the effect produced, but the man cannot forget her, because with her came a change which makes him forever a different being. So it was with our friend. A woman it was that was destined to awaken in him all that consciousness which music, painting, poetry, awaken in more evenly developed minds; and it is the silent breathing of her creative presence that is even now creating him anew, while as yet he knows it not.

ROMANCE.—Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, "God" is the great maker of romance. He, from whose hand came man and woman—He, who strung the great harp of Existence, with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another—He is the great Poet of life. Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison-house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

THE SCOFFER.—Therefore, man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered—as shattered a thousand times it must be—when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in skepticism and bitterness, saying, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink," but rather cherish the revelations of those hours as prophecies and foreshadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is the apple of the devil's own handing, from the bitter tree of knowledge—it opens the eyes only to see eternal knowledge.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

BE CHOICE IN YOUR READING.

CARLYLE, in a late letter to Mr. Allibone, regarding his "Dictionary of Authors," gives expression to the following just sentiments:—

"Readers are not yet aware of the fact, but a fact it is, of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers,—that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously *select*; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call 'sheep and goats'—the latter put inexorably on the *left* hand of the judge; and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know; and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored by all sane creatures!"

Furthermore, the sheep even can not all be done justice to, in this day of light and knowledge. Marvellous discoveries in science increase upon us so, that the scientific student is obliged to confine himself to special branches—he can not know every thing, boundless as may be his desire. No doubt Humboldt, that great spirit who has lately passed away, felt himself an ignorant man, in comparison with what there was yet to discover and to learn, in consideration of the miracles of nature and the illimitable wonders of the universe. No doubt he was obliged to choose. He lived to be over eighty years of age—a worker always; yet he had no time to spare.

After a person's taste is once formed, he will take to some special branch or branches in literature, and follow out the bent of his inclinations; but nothing is more indiscriminate than the appetite of a hungry young mind, to whom any kind of intellectual food is welcome, and which devours every thing set before it.

While the eager, craving mind is thus endeavoring to feed itself, it is one of the most serious duties of parents to select it, to take from it that which must prove hurtful, and see that it is provided with what will not only satisfy a present want, but give it tone, stamina, power. Fine intellects are often irretrievably weakened or perverted for

want of a little judicious guiding in their youth. "All play and no work," in reading, unnerves the youthful mind, and unfits it for any serious labor in later days, when it may bitterly regret its early indolence. Thus it is that youth should no more be allowed to feast upon fiction and poetry *alone*, than to live entirely upon sweetmeats and bon bons. They are excellent and very pleasant, given as a reward, or a relish to heartier things; but they are not to be depended upon to nourish the full powers of our growing nature.

THE EVIL OF COMMON ASSOCIATIONS.

A friend whose child has been injured by its association with children of the public schools, writes us this well-timed protest against this commonality in associates:—"Tastes differ, as education and habits differ. Some persons are alive to gentle impressions and tender sentiments, while the same objects, the same utterances, will awaken in another person no particular emotion. Where one sees God and beauty, another beholds only materiality. This dissimilarity is in education chiefly, though not wholly. Let a child have a parent whose heart is keenly alive to impressions of beauty, and it will, as a general thing, have eyes to see and ears to hear the perfection of life around. But let the parent be coarse, vulgar, bad, and the almost certain result is the same characteristic in the child. The best natures are those alive to emotions of, and love for, the beautiful; the worst natures are those in whose heart dwells no love for the divinity which is manifest upon every hand so profusely. How earnestly then, is to be urged the duty of parents to school their children through good examples and associations—to make them love birds and music and flowers—to 'see God in the clouds and hear Him in the wind!' How does it become a necessity to divert the young, exuberant tendrils of the mind into the right atmosphere? Our systems of "education" are false, miserably false and ruinous; for what school teaches the *love* of the beautiful as

one of the fundamental principles of all knowledge? Send no child to the 'Common-School,' for it is the nursery of the common vices—coarseness, deceit, love for display, proclivity for rude companionship, familiarity with impure thoughts and words and deeds, are all *learned* at the 'Common-School.' Rather teach the child at home; form its mind there, and give it a strength and dignity to resist contamination; *then* it is prepared for the schooling of books and pure teachers, but it is *never* fitted for the debasing influences of the 'Common-School,' wherein are gathered hundreds of young minds whose bent to sin and vulgarity has already been given them.

"What am I saying? Preaching a homily on education! Well, I have spoken my heart, nevertheless. My soul has been harrowed by seeing lovely, pure-minded children rendered perverse and bad simply by bad training and bad associations in 'Common-Schools;' and I exclaim against the perversity of parents, who will make impure what God has made pure. Let every parent solemnly realize that his or her child is a pliable creature, to be molded into perfection or imperfection, *as the hand directs*—realizing this, a parent's anxiety may suggest the proper ways and means of teaching the offspring of their love the ways of the pure and the good and the true."

SHADOWS.

Let us welcome even the shadows. What would the world be without them? A burning sky, unchanged, unsoftened by flying clouds, glaring down upon a world where every object stood up boldly in the sunlight. No coolness, no mystery; no tenderness, no uncertainty; no vague, delicious gloom—only intolerable light! How beautiful are the shadows! especially in the early autumn, when they shiver and thrill in the pale sunshine—when the fluttering leaves drop down, casting their shadows for the last time; when the horizon is red and misty like a censer which is burning odors; when the clouds drift slowly, throwing large patches of gloom over the golden stubble of the reaped fields. They are sometimes very dreary in the short, fierce winter days, but even then we know that they will pass. It

must be so with the human heart. It could not bear unclouded prosperity, it needs the shadows to soften, refine—to teach it pity and hope.

WIDOW WICKS.

The dearest, daintiest little creature
Was this bewitching widow Wicks;
Youth painted every blooming feature
The tender bloom of thirty-six.
Her neck was like the lily white
(The lily-white that druggists mix),
And like a carmine saucer bright
Was either cheek of widow Wicks.

To gayly toss her glossy ringlets
Was one of her most graceful tricks;
One knew not in those angel winglets
What false plumes with the true might mix.
In Bleecker-street, 2020,

A brown-stone palace built of bricks,
Where nice young men were always plenty,
Boarded the lovely widow Wicks

She boarded there; with smiles coquettish
She came to breakfast, dinner, tea;
Though all the rest were cool or pettish,
She laugh'd and talk'd in childish glee.
With many a bright, light-feather'd arrow,
She strove some stray heart to transfix;
Yet to her great chagrin and sorrow,
She still remain'd sweet widow Wicks.

At last there came a wealthy miser—
A man some seventy odd years old;
He seem'd to duly love and prize her,
And she—she duly prized his gold.
Too blind he was for any lenses
To show him true her pretty tricks;
He minds not what his foe or friend says—
He marries charming widow Wicks.

Alas, the day on which he did, oh!
It proved the sorriest of his life;
For soon he learn'd a charming widow
Was not, perforce, a charming wife.
She spent his gold like so much water,
Instead of kisses, gave him kicks,
And did so much she hadn't ought to,
He wish'd her once more widow Wicks.

One night he died,—'twas rather sudden—
She may have choked him—none could say.
No one can see the stain of blood on
Such weeds as her fair form array.
She is so rich, and so angelic!
Her smiles and tears so sweetly mix,
She can not long remain a relic,
This widow Larks, late widow Wicks.

NOVEL CHARMS.

"E. M.," the weather-wise, has picked up a piece of the aurora-borealis—a piece about six inches in length, luminous, and something like a silver wire. We think the aurora borealis would make much prettier "charms"

than that ugly, tariferous telegraph-cable, and shall keep a sharp look-out on the next interesting occasion of its appearance. Unfortunately, it is like the gifts of the god-mother to Cinderella—it vanishes after a certain time; but it would do, at least, for one evening's display, like the fire-flies which the Cuban ladies entangle in nets and wear in their snowy robes and ebon tresses, living gems, darkling and sparkling in tremulous glory.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

How our mind reverts to other days at the sound of Eliza Cook's "Old Arm-Chair:"

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

It has a power in it, which few songs possess. At the fireside it will bring loving memories: in the loneliness of the study it will bring tears.

"I've bedew'd it with tears,
And embalm'd it with sighs."

Ay, even as we write, the tear is in the eye,—for

"A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair."

The woman who penned that song, will be a household favorite so long as there is a spark of love for the dead in the bosoms of men.

This song is said to have brought the publishers thousands of dollars. It was sold by its author for ten dollars! as we learn from the following receipt now public:

"Received, May 14, 1841, of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, the sum of two pounds, two shillings, for copyright of words of a song written by me, entitled, "The Old Arm-Chair," music by Mr. Hine. ELIZA COOK."

AN OLD MAID'S "ASIDE"—THOUGHTS.

Why should not the "aside"-thoughts of "the sex" have utterance? If they are a little sharp and savor of strong tea and pickles, it is no reason why the "stronger sex" should have all the satire and sharp sayings to themselves. *Therefore* we claim the privilege of transferring the following to our pages—premising that we do not know the "old maid" who said it:—"Men sow wild oats, and women buttons. The shortest way to a man's heart is down his throat. Man's love is like the moon: if it does not grow larger, it is certain to grow

smaller. A man may 'do good by stealth,' but as to his blushing 'to find it fame,' that's all nonsense. Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always 'ruling the roast'? Man takes a woman with a dowry, in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game. Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out by one blow. In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand. Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands; but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives. How many men are there who think they are making themselves exceedingly popular, when they are only making themselves extremely ridiculous. Men have been pointed out to me who were said to be great thinkers. I have watched them, and found them very great thinkers—men who evidently thought a great deal—but then it was evidently about themselves. An old maid's only confidant is her pillow. All her cares, wrongs, and thoughts, both sleeping and waking, are confided to its soft embrace. It is the only depository and witness of the tears that she sometimes sheds over broken hopes. More than this, it is a confidant that never mocks—never betrays her." If any of our "protectors" feel injured at this, let them sue us for libel!

We elsewhere quote some of the good things of "The Minister's Wooing." Let us here give this holy tribute to woman:

THE FAITH OF WOMAN.

The fact is, women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere, for something high and strong to climb by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers, to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

NOVEMBER is a glorious month, notwithstanding the wry faces it sometimes compels us to make, either at a long, dull, soaking rain, or a sharp, biting, frosty wind. Between these two, what fun we have had when we were children, rustling the heaps of crisp leaves that had drifted into corners, throwing sticks at the great chestnut and walnut trees, to make the frost-ripened fruit come down and fill our baskets, shaking down the rosy-cheeked apples—(which *shaking* was a very naughty practice)—and brim full of vigorous life, inspired by the month's tonic atmosphere, doing whatever mischief we could.

When we were older, we enjoyed the exceptional sunny days—oh! so much! So mellow, calm, and quiet, like the mood of a happy old age. The year has done its toil, and sits serenely in its rocking-chair (figuratively) ready to fall asleep. A healthful glow is on the ruddy countenance, a peaceful expression in the clear, honest eyes, perfect content is delineated on every feature.

But imagination aside, it is a time for the thrifty housekeeper also to feel content. The long summer heats no longer impair the strength; the dust, flies, and mosquitoes are gone, the house-cleaning is all done up, and the house has on its comfortable look for the winter. There is time now to think of Thanksgiving and other dinners, where our friends are to be invited; time to read of evenings; time for the children's indoor games,—in fact, we feel more *at home* in November than we did in July.

But there is still the winter sewing to do; and this is just the time to do it in. The quiet, half-lonely, but entirely agreeable seclusion of a long rain-storm inspires the fingers with a love of the needle. Such days seem especially made for cutting and fitting. No danger of intrusions then. Bring out the children's wardrobes and look them carefully over. How many new garments to make? Are they warm enough? New garments are more comfortable than old ones in cold weather. Lay aside the thinner ones till summer. Have the children

all got nice warm stockings and drawers?—long, close drawers, to come down inside the stocking, and afford some real protection to the tender young limbs? Have the little girls all got wooled sacques to cover their arms and shoulders, or long-sleeved winter dresses? There are a thousand things to do; but there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and the ceaseless doing of little things every day brings it around right at last. Do not wait for a want to come before you try to meet it.

Do not begin to get the rooms too warm just at once. Accustom yourselves and the children to a moderate temperature; but provide against absolute cold or dampness. Never think it too much trouble to build a fire where one is needed. By observing this rule many constitutions will be saved, as well as many doctor's bills.

A tight, well-protected house is the best thing to save fuel; but even the saving thus made is no gain really, unless you have the discretion to ventilate your rooms thoroughly as often as the air becomes too dry or offensive in quality. A draft is a bad thing; but no fresh air is worse.

As much of our comfort and health depend upon the table, and the manner in which it is supplied, it is well to study to make up by cunning skill in preparation of food, for the greater variety of summer. Winter fare is quite different in its character, as it should be; and we may venture to eat more rich and substantial dishes in cold than in hot weather. The delicate and cooling custards, creams, jellies, &c., lose their relish in the season of frost and snow; and puddings, pies, fried-cakes, and pickles are in favor; nor do we esteem these things injurious when properly made, and rationally eaten. "Good diet makes good blood, and good blood makes good brains," says somebody, and we agree—but always in moderation.

From the "Young Housekeeper's Friend" (noticed in the proper place) we make free to quote the following suggestions, which every

housekeeper will do as well to learn by heart:—

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course always a little higher; but good articles *spend* best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meat, sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, &c., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India sugar and molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugars usually contain most of the saccharine substance, therefore there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed, and granulated sugars, than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good or healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, &c., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

Shells are apt to be musty. Try a quarter of a pound before buying a quantity.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place, where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called Dun, from its peculiar color. Fish-skin for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small, and kept in a box or paper bag.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water, in the cellar.

Potatoes should be put into the cellar as soon as they are dug. Lying exposed to the sun turns them green, and makes them watery. Some good housekeepers have sods laid over barrels of potatoes not in immediate use. To prevent them from sprouting in the spring, turn them out upon the cellar-bottom.

To thaw frozen potatoes, put them in hot water. To thaw frozen apples, put them in cold water. Neither will keep long after being frozen.

Cabbages should be buried in sand, with the roots upward.

Turnips and beets should be put in a dry part of the cellar. Carrots keep anywhere. Onions keep best spread, and in a cool place, but should not freeze. Parsnips are best buried in a pit in the garden, and not opened till March or April, in cold parts of the country.

Squashes should be kept in a dry place, and as cold as may be without freezing.

Inspect every part of your house often, and let every place be neatly kept. Habits of order in housekeeping save a great deal of time and trouble, and the most thorough way of doing every thing, is the most economical of labor and money, in the end.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOVEMBER—the month of gust and blast and storm and rain—of which Hood sang so ludicrously, and other poets have memorized in melancholy strains, is close at hand as we write. Even now the wind puffs ominously down the chimney, and the wail at the house-corners proves the “spirit of darkness” to be near. There is something very solemn in this approach of winter. Another summer of our short life is gone forever—its flowers and fair skies and sweet dreams swept away into the past: and the leaves which lie all torn and blasted at our feet, come to tell us, in their own forms, of the winter which will soon besiege each door. We will not moralize at our “table,” though the theme is tempting and our mood is in harmony with the theme. Let us have our friendly chat without the too serious air of the solemn messenger of warning.

—We present a magazine of good things this month—a source of as much satisfaction to the editor as it is to readers. Clara Augusta concludes the pleasant episode at “Roselawn”—Mrs. Bostwick gives us a charming story—the editor’s long-drawn-out “Old Heart and the New” is concluded (no doubt much to the relief of that “large circle of readers” who dislike long-continued stories).

—The December number will issue early in November—the January number early in December. Both of these numbers will contain matter of a highly pleasing character. It is the wish of the publishers and intention of the editor to make the coming volume far superior to any yet published of the magazine; and our already engaged matter places the general excellence of the volume beyond the contingencies and among the certainties of the year. In the proper place, the publisher will make his own announcements:—here we can but say, no effort of our own shall be wanting to fulfill all his flattering promises; and with the help of our most admirable corps of contributors, we have no fears of the result.

—Since our last report of things in

style, there are no changes to report. Winter goods are displayed on Broadway, both in the stores and on the street. The reporter comes in from a promenade through the thoroughfare, for the purpose of “posting” us on *the* styles, with the following rather unceremonious note:

Bonnets are still passing away; growing “small by degrees and beautifully less.” It is supposed that by another season the race will be extinct. In the mean time, they make the most of themselves. If they are little, they are bright. Let our readers pull a yellow hollyhock, a scarlet poppy, or a crimson dahlia, and put it on the back of their heads, and they will have the present style of bonnet. Dress patterns are no longer punished with many stripes; plaids, large and small, in brilliant colors, and set figures on black grounds, are taking the place of the bayaderes. Unmitigated yellow is at present evidence of a refined taste. Cloaks, having last year reached their greatest possible amplitude, are now beginning to recede. They are smaller, and some have sleeves. Bishop and coat sleeves are struggling against the supremacy of these flowing and wing-like appendages, which have given the bodies such an angelic appearance of being full-fledged for flight. Valencia plaids, poplin in plaids, and a new fabric of silk and linen, raised and heavy, also in plaids, called Ottoman velvet, are worn for street dresses. Girls are teasing their papas for velvet cloaks, and those who cannot afford them are looking *furtively* upon the rich and expensive furs already opened for inspection. But we will not *re-fur* to this subject, for a certain toilet needs *re-furring* to so badly, that it awakes an involuntary sigh.

—With the long evenings at hand, come the visions of parties, little and big. Not the good old-time party, when friend met friend in real hospitality, glad to have the pleasure of company; but parties of *ton*, where the invited are not only not friends of the host, but are rarely acquainted; or, if acquainted, are invited for

some motive other than friendship. We will instance Mrs. Bas Bleu, who was once a neighbor in the five-story house over the street. She was a "lady" of undoubted pretensions; kept a carriage and five servants; eat four o'clock dinners, and *always* attended opera. Well, she gave a party, and discoursed thus as she sat by the glowing grate ruminating over the assemblage to be. Her thoughts were unconsciously syllabled, and a listener heard the following:—"Mr. Fitz-Gammon, by all means—he's so elegant, and his mustaches look so well. Mr. Porter, because he gives such a literary air to one's *soirees*. Those everlasting Miss Greens, they play the piano so good-naturedly for dances—it saves hiring a fiddler. Mrs. Sharp, because it won't do to slight her; but I hate her, I'm sure! The Graham girls, and Mrs. Brown; I hope they'll be sure to be here, they dress so well. The Braggs—they're vulgar and ugly, and they do not even dress in good taste; but they're immensely rich—they always create a sensation. Mr. Tenor, to sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Mrs. Griggs, to get an invite to her's, next week. Flutilla Jenks, to sing with Mr. Tenor. Mrs. Chatterton—she talks to everybody, fills up all the pauses. Mr. Flint; Mr. Bas Bleu wants to borrow some money of him. Miss Grey, because the Grahams patronize her. The Martins—to sing duetts. Mrs. Vance; her diamonds are superb. Dear me! I've so many friends, I don't know where to begin or end. I'm sure it's very unselfish of me to give parties to people I care so little about! But they *do* say my parties are the parties of the season." We didn't dare to inquire why we were invited, and have never been able to guess!

—The recent marriage of Senor Oviedo, of Cuba, to Miss Bartlett, of this city, has become the country's talk, from its very magnificence. The lady's bridal dress cost \$5,000, her jewels \$15,000, and the fortune she wedded is reckoned at over \$4,000,000. Hence the newspapers gave up columns of "valuable space" to a description of the ceremony and the taking off of a young American belle by an old Spanish planter. The "valuable space" referred to,

is almost daily filled with matter quite as absurd and useless; all that we can complain of is the deplorable fact that money can, will, and does cover up follies of a nature which must entail unhappy results. It is a fact beyond all question, that seven-eighths of the marriages in "high life," in this metropolis, are simply matters of contract: dollars are placed in one balance, female charms and "position" in the other; and love and intelligence, and the nobler virtues of humanity, are sent out of doors as mere servants, to come and go as they are bid. It is of this class—a rapidly increasing class, we regret to say—that Mrs. Child speaks of in this passage: "I never saw a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry only because they think they will never have a better chance, and dread becoming dependent. Such marriages do sometimes prove tolerably comfortable; but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living." We have yet to peruse that "valuable paper" which has pointed out the folly and vanity of all this recent pomp and circumstance of dollars, except it be the New York "Saturday Press," which gives us this happy *entendement*:

El arte del amor de Oviedo.

(Oviedo's Art of Love)

\$4,000,000.

—This *Saturday Press* is one of the sauciest and most alive of all our weeklies. From a late number we glean these specimens of the *pittoresque* in art:

"Pre-Raphaelite pictures: pictures to be raffled for.

"High Art: Church's 'Art of the 'Handes.

"Light Fantastic Tow: a steam-tug towing a sail-boat.

"The Last Rows of Summer: the late boat races at Hoboken.

"Sons of Maul-ta: Heenan and Morrissey.

"Men of mark: members of target companies."

— We will use, in the course of the coming volume, several stories to run through two or three numbers: but will say, to save answering inquiries of parties who propose to write a series for us, that these stories are already provided for. What we now wish from contributors is matter to be contained in from three to ten pages of our number. Essays, papers on art and literature, home sketches, tales of good moral, good poems, pleasant chat adapted for quotation in the "Editor's Table," will all be welcome, and receive every proper attention. We hope to have liberal favors from our goodly number of most excellent contributors and literary friends.

— Mrs. C. A. Halbert's sketch of Freidrich Schiller, in our last, was an admirable paper. This lady will prepare us a series of papers similar in character, for the coming volume. This announcement, we are sure, will greatly please the readers of this magazine, with whom she is deservedly a favorite.

— The recent enormous show of pearls at the Oviedo-Bartlett wedding, has attracted no inconsiderable attention to these gems; and we find crowds going into Tiffany's, and Ball, Black & Co.'s, to see their superb necklaces, brooches, breast-pieces, &c. The pearl is really a very common affair—its pale beauty and purity of lustre are what commend it. The little gem comes from a concretion formed within the hard envelope of a shell-fish, but particularly in what is called the mother-of-pearl oyster, which nearly resembles in shape the common oyster, but is larger, being usually about three inches in diameter. The pearls are most commonly contained in the shell, but sometimes they are found in the thickest and most fleshy part of the oyster. A single oyster will frequently contain several pearls; and it is on record that one has been known to contain one hundred and fifty. The pearl itself is supposed to be the result of some accidental deposit or extravasation of the liquor secreted by the animal in the gradual enlargement of its shell—very small in the first in-

stance, but increased by successive layers of pearly matter. The formation of the pearl has, however, embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of very curious hypotheses. Some have even supposed that pearls are formed like other stones in animals. There is no fairer gift than one of pearls; and if any of our readers contemplate a holiday remembrance to their loved ones, let the pure pearl be the chosen gem.

— We shall not be able to use—"I would not stay away,"—"A Talk with the Graces,"—"Jeannie May,"—"Hope is Life."—"The Double Love," and "A Night with the Spirits." Some of these are very good, but not adapted to these pages.

— "The Women of America" is now becoming a more significant phrase than heretofore. In the days of our mothers it simply meant an order of beings endowed with good sense, modesty, and patriotism. It now means more, if we read *the women of America*; for then we have before us the many eminent ones of our sex who have, of late, become such ornaments of society, literature and art. Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howe, Harriet Hosmer, (the sculptor), Mrs. Lily Spencer, (the artist), Alice Carey, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Mowatt, Miss Evans (of Alabama), Marion Harland, &c., &c.—what a brilliant list is here of those who have won from the honors of a general recognition! And how could the list be prolonged if we could add those now becoming noted as scholars and thinkers in the higher walks of science. It may be truthfully said that our women of note compare proudly with those of the sex who have become identified with the greatness of other countries. It has been said that France has as much distinction from Madame de Stael as from the most brilliant of its philosophers. Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), Mrs. Macaulay, Agnes Strickland, and numerous other females, shed the highest lustre on England. The Irish boast of Miss Edgeworth, of the Porters, of Lady Morgan, and of Lady Blessington, with spirit indicative of the highest appreciation. Scotland, too, has gained in honor through the educated genius of more than one of its "bonnie, bright-eyed lasses."

BOOK NOTICES.

BOOKS crowd in thicker and faster, as the holidays approach. We have on our table over a dozen received within a few days. We are much obliged to the publishers for these early copies, and only regret our inability to notice new books as we could wish. Among these we may mention:

I. THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York: DERBY & JACKSON. 12mo. 565 pages.

II. POEMS, by WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED With an Original Memoir: 2 vols., 12mo. New York: REDFIELD.

III. A SELECT GLOSSARY OF ENGLISH WORDS used formerly in Senses different from their Present. By RICHARD CHEVERIX TRENCH, D. D. New York: REDFIELD. 12mo. 218 pages.

IV. THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With an Original Memoir. New York: REDFIELD. In blue and gold. With Steel Portrait.

V. THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. By MRS. CORNELIUS. 12mo., 254 pages. Boston: BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE.

VI. THE HOME CIRCLE. A Collection of Piano-Music, embracing most of the popular Parlor-Music of the day, viz: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Schottishes, &c., &c. Boston: OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Of Mrs. Stowe's new book (I.) we can not properly speak in the brief space allotted to in this department. A proper notice would require several pages. We must say, however, that it is supreme in all the qualities of excellence in fiction. It is instinctive with action, with characters drawn with wonderful distinctiveness and power, full of pathos and stern sermons, with a climax which sustains the interest and effect so as to leave nothing to be wished for. Any fiction-writer, living or dead, might be proud of such a contribution to literature.

The poems of Praed are at length gathered in two beautifully-printed volumes, (II.) It is strange that no English edition of this author's gay, melodious rhymes has been given to the public. We are glad the enterprise of an American publisher has supplied the want. The admirers of Praed's muse

are many. The mantle of Moore fell upon his shoulders, if upon any. The freshly-written biographical sketch will add to the interest of the volumes.

Dean Trench is one of those men whose literary energies are exhaustless. In the field of words he is a perfect Hugh Miller of capacity, and his researches after "remains," fossil adjectives, verbs, and substantives, have served to identify him as one of the most intelligent and satisfactory of philologists and lexicographers. The last of his pocket editions is just issued by Redfield, (III.) It is more than its name purports—is a glossary and a history (or rather a *biography*) of nearly five hundred words, whose sense and signification are now different from their first and former usage—in this respect more specific than his "Study of Words," but equally valuable and interesting.

Redfield gives us Poe, in blue and gold—a very neat and available form, (IV.) The volume embraces all of Poe's poems; and his article on "The Poetic Principle;" also a memoir, understood to have been prepared by Charles F. Briggs, Esq., who was personally acquainted with Poe, and therefore speaks of what he knows. It does not relieve a shadow of the dark coloring already thrown around the dead poet's memory.

Mrs. Cornelius gives us, in "The Young Housekeeper's Friend" (V.), a new and revised edition of the work which was first published in 1845. The hand of a good housewife and a careful editor is visible upon every page, rendering the volume a real help to the party for whom it is especially prepared.

Oliver Ditson of Boston, in "The Home Circle" (VI.), gives us an almost endless variety of popular and favorite music, in a very desirable form. In sheets, this music would cost over ten times the price of the volume. The arrangements for the piano accompaniment are full of harmony and force—all chromatic intricacies being avoided. The work will have a large sale.